Grand Prix INTERNATIONAL

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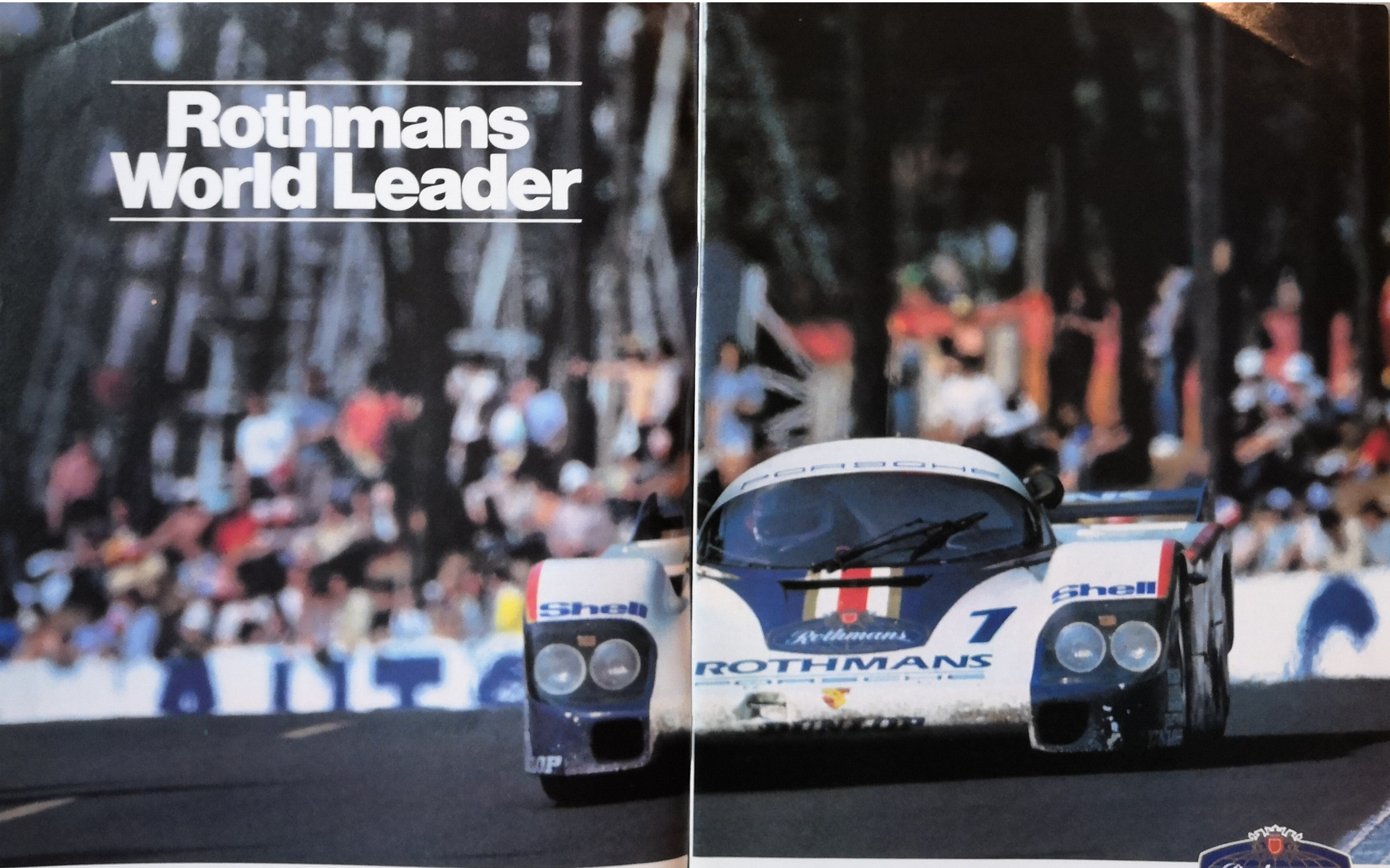
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LONGINES
A Matter of Style

Grand·Prix INTERNATIONAL

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THE PROFESSOR

Alain Prost was always master of the situation at Spa. Only de Cesaris was ever in a position to pose any kind of a threat. All Prost needed to help assure his victory, was to drive an intelligent race and to make the most of de Cesaris' lengthy pit-stop. Unlucky de Cesaris and Thierry Boutsen recount their impressions of the race, while Keke, in his column, gives his version of the battle.

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PRACTICE

It's no easy task, dominating the circuit at Spa. But on Friday, Prost's Renault was up to the challenge. On Saturday, however, it started raining cats and dogs and there were fears that unless the weather changed by Sunday, the race itself might have to be postponed.

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De Cesaris was slightly ahead until his refuelling stop, which allowed Prost to take command and go on to win. Behind them came Tambay and Cheever, who both drove a brilliant race, overtaking Piquet in his faltering Brabham and the two Williams.

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JARIER

They say he's temperamental, even call him a dilettante from time to time; does this explain the fact that Jarier has never won a single grand prix? it's not a happy state of affairs: but this dynamic driver, with his unquenchable thirst for life, never tires of the challenge of competition.

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THIERRY BOUTSEN

He made his first stab at F1 last weekend, after replacing Chico Serra at Arrows. He's young and talented, and all Belgium is waiting for him to attain the same heights as Jacky Ickx did a decade ago. Will he fulfil their hopes by becoming a top-class driver, capable of one day carrying off the title?

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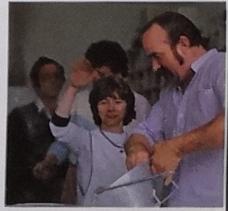

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The Spa-Francorchamps circuit exercised a strange and mysterious power over drivers during the sixties. Its track, more than fourteen kilometers long in those days, was among the most challenging that drivers had to face. GPI casts an eye over the history of this formidable circuit.

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We take a look at the poor performance of Alboreto's Tyrrell during recent grands prix and at Toleman-Hart's troubled weekend, which has not, however put a damper on its long-term hopes.

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COCKPITS

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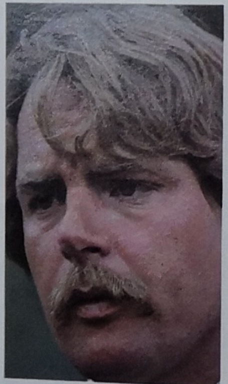
The paddock in Spa

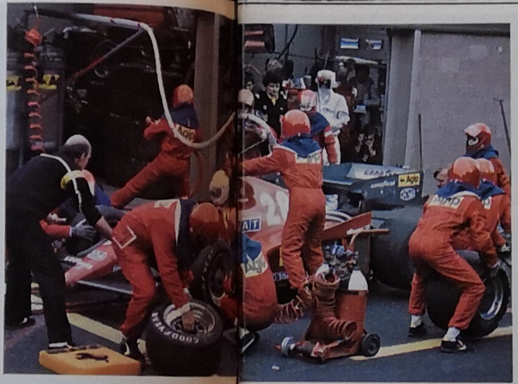
GERARD DUCAROUGE

He was a spectator at Imola, just as he had been at Paul Ricard and Monaco. At Spa, Gerard Ducarouge once again warded off all questions gently, and with just a trace of mystery. One thing that is almost certain is that he has received an offer from Lotus. It's just as likely that he has no intention of taking it up (*"it would mean living in England, for a start,"*). It's no longer a mystery that he's in direct contact with Guy Ligier and some people are predicting that his return to Vichy could be announced any time. There are also rumours that some unknown financial group has suggested that he set up his own team. Whatever the truth of the matter is, one fact is certain. That Gerard Ducarouge will try to make sure that Andrea de Cesaris can follow him. During more than a year of close collaboration, Gerard has established a very close relationship with Andrea. He says he looks on the young Italian driver almost as a son.

KEKE AFTER A RECORD

Driving Formula One is plainly not exciting enough for the world champion. Next weekend he will be at the Nürburgring driving a Joest Porsche 956 with Hans Heyer: his intent is nothing less than beating the circuit record. Later in the season he will also drive at the Norisring in Nürnberg: hard by the stadium where Hitler used to harangue the faithful millions. At least Keke's diary will be no forgery!





GENTLEMAN'S AGREEMENT

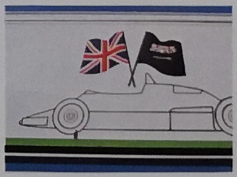
For those of you who are curious about how the refuelling stops are so arranged that not all the cars stop at the same time, it may be of interest to know that it is Jean Sage of Renault who regularly makes the circuit of the motor homes and arranges the order of pitstops.

According to Sage, there has, so far, been no problem. The arrangement may be informal, but the subject is important. On Sunday at Spa, Sage was wandering from motor home to motor home with a little screwed-up piece of paper on which he was noting laps and making the definitive arrangements. Asked if there were no chance of a team trying to put something over on the rest, Sage looked shocked: as if that sort of thing didn't happen. Only in the case of an accident or an interruption of the race, said he, would there be any variation on the plans he had laid.

WHAT IS SECRET, NEW AND RUNS ON HOT AIR?

There was a lot of talk around the paddock that Frank Williams was heavily engaged in subverting the agreement by which TAG is giving the first of its new turbo engines to the McLaren team. That's just what it was: talk. Clearly, if Williams had made a firm choice early on, they would have had the TAG/Porsche when they wanted; as sponsors and teams go, Williams and TAG could hardly be closer.

But the more one talked with Keke Rosberg, the more it sounded as though the Finn was unhappy with his prospects chez Williams: here he was doing his best, finishing (but for once) ahead of all the aspirated cars, lying fourth in the championship and deeply frustrated. Not getting where he wants to.



Well, it's now official, from the mouth of the great man (one means Frank Williams, of course, for only he, Patrick Head and a handful of others would be in on the secret): Williams have a turbo, it's been in the works and contracted for some months, it will ready for next year and it is not, apparently, one of the extant turbos. On which we are pleased to quote Frank directly: "Keke has no reason to be unhappy. He knows we have a turbo and he knows what it is. Yes, you can print that."

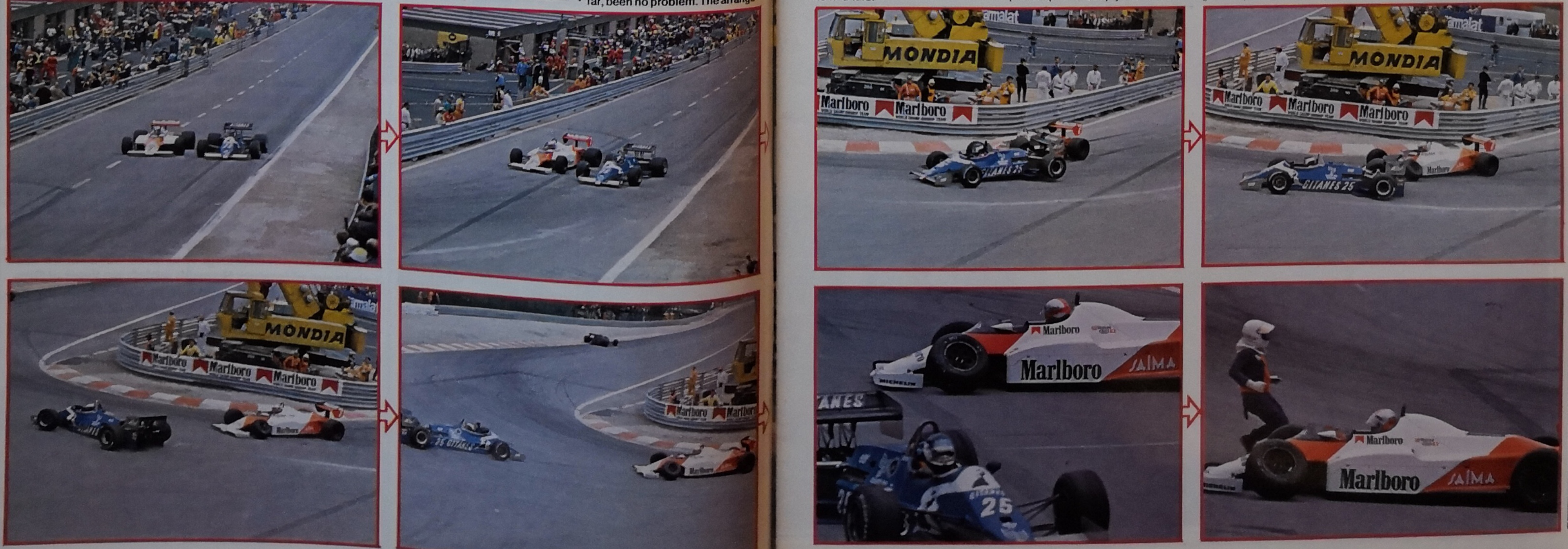
AGGRO

A certain ATS technical director was to be found on Saturday down by the tunnel under the track. Asked why he was there rather than up in the team garage, he said: *"You must be crazy! I never set foot in the pits if I can help it."* The explanation for this radical attitude is quite simple: team-owner Gunther Schmid is not one of the easiest people in the world to get on with, and he would rather avoid the aggro.

Formerly a lecturer in engineering, he does all his work in the peace and quiet of the factory and his office; but the aggro and the ignorance of the basics by some of his mechanics makes him avoid grands prix whenever possible.

"The other night at dinner, I asked our know-it-all mechanics a few simple questions, such as, how do you adjust for understeer in slow corners, or for oversteer in fast ones? No one knew the answer. No wonder the team's not that successful."

So why does he continue? The same reason as many another man: *"The money's good."*



It happened at the Source hairpin in lap nine: Jarier, the hunter and Watson the hunted both came a cropper in the battle for sixteenth place. The Ligier went into a spin, twisting its rear right wheel. The McLaren was also out of the running, its front left wheel ripped off.
(photos: DPPI and First Line)

TUBORG
RENAULT elf
MICHELIN
Turbo
15
PROST
LONGINES
europcar
FACOM
speedline
RENAULT elf

THE PROFESSOR

Plastic cups of champagne were being passed around inside the canvas extension of the Renault motor-home. A few metres away, as the Marseillaise played, a determined-looking little man in blue stepped up onto the podium. Alain Prost, or "the professor" as the Michelin people call him, had just tamed the "Ardennes giant"—the Spa-Francorchamps circuit.

by Didier Braillon

Winning on a circuit as demanding as Spa, is one of those triumphs that lifts a driver head and shoulders above his rivals. Two things helped Prost achieve it: the fact that the rain, which had been bucketing down on Saturday, gave way to sunshine on Sunday; and de Cesaris' lengthy refuelling stop which lost him the lead.

At Renault, no-one doubted it for a moment: Alain Prost's victory was one of those that really counts in a Formula One driver's career. François Guiter, of Elf, who trained Prost, expressed his overwhelming joy in just a few simple words: *"Thanks, little one."*

Gerard Larrousse's reaction was also low-key. He just smiled, knowing that his team had given of its best. A short while earlier, the chief mechanic, Daniel Champion had said to Guiter: *"That wasn't a bad refuelling stop, 12"89."* A masterpiece of understatement, that. Bernie Ecclestone and Herbie Blash, Brabham's team-manager were not taken in, and heartily shook hands with both Gautier and Champion.

As for Prost, he was surrounded by a sea of radio and newspaper journalists who swept him off the podium and walked him over to the Renault motor-home. He made a quick calculation and you could see him relax: *"I've now got 28 points in the Championship—only six less than I had at the end of last season. Unless something goes drastically wrong, I'm going to score a lot better this time round."* Superstitious, like all grand prix drivers, Prost fended off questions about his chances of winning the championship and instead concentrated on giving his account of the race 19 laps in second position behind de Cesaris, before taking the lead while de Cesaris refuelled.

"My engine wasn't performing well at low revs and I almost stalled at the start. We had decided to make one refuelling stop after the half-way mark, which meant I was carrying more petrol than the other turbos. The rear of my car kept touching the track, especially on the steep rise after Eau Rouge. I didn't want to push my luck at the outset, and sure enough, as the load grew lighter, after about fifteen laps, the problem disappeared. During the seven or eight laps before my refuelling stop, I was intrinsically faster than De Cesaris, but my tyres, which had begun to blister, were vibrating, and I decided to hold off for a while."

Prost's pit stop, some thirteen or fourteen seconds faster than those of his rivals, helped clinch the race for him. From then on, he was firmly in the lead. No-one could touch him, provided his car suffered no mechanical problems and Prost himself made no mistake. But the professor doesn't make mistakes and the Renaults are exceptionally reliable.

"When I stopped, Larrousse had the same tyres fitted as those I had used during the first half of the race—05s; and this time, I had no problems. On the contrary, the car was driving beautifully, well below full capacity. From about half way, I drove an almost leisurely race..." In fact, according to the Michelin mechanics, these 05s are a bit too soft for the Renault, and Prost's victory owed less to his tyres than to the perfect relationship between him and his car. It's just that Prost is too modest to blow his own trumpet. He's a highly skilled driver, with a marked sensitivity to the demands of the circuit.

Admidst all the celebration that followed Prost's victory, everyone forgot a small incident which took place just before the end of the race: it was all due to a quirk of the track at Spa, where the pits are situated some three hundred metres before the finish. When Alain Prost, almost assured of victory, was passing in front of the pits for the last time, the Renault-Elf team was a model of self-restraint. They didn't want to start celebrating until they could see that Prost had taken the flag. Why tempt the devil? Jean Sage was the only one to shyly raise his right arm in salute as Prost passed. As for Larrousse, he waited till the last moment before raising both his arms in the air, in an almost furtive gesture, well out of sight of the cameras. It somehow symbolised the new mood of the French team. Whose byword might be: think positive, but don't take anything for granted. ☐

ANDREA DE CESARIS

Stage direction: One Italian driver walks down through the paddock on the stones. His face is white with anger. The following speech is delivered *sotto voce* and in great haste: *"I don't know what happened at the start. I started, that's it. I started twice and they were both good starts. Something happened behind me. I have nothing to do with what goes on behind me."* (Voice Rising) *"It's just like I told you when we did the interview: something always happens. The car was fantastic and very, very quick. It was the best it's ever been. I had no problems of any kind with anyone."* (A halt while the door of his car is being opened; his face is now a mix of haste and fervent ill-humour). *"As for the pit-stop, it was just bloody slow, wasn't it? It was the slowest you could do. That didn't help."* (Door opens and slams behind him. Reluctantly, the window comes down). *"I came through Eau Rouge and was climbing up the hill and sudden the engine just stopped on me. It's great, isn't it! You lead a race, your car's going fine, then first they bugger up the pit-stop and then the engine stops. Detroit? It can't be worse can it? One of these days I'm going to win."* (Big smile and farewell sweet prince).

THIERRY BOUTSEN

I had decided to take no risks in this, my first Formula One race. But I was still confident, because I had not been able to get the most out of my qualifying tyres during the first practice session when the track was dry. At the start, Giacomelli was slow and as I moved to avoid him, my engine stalled. I could have overtaken on the right, but Alboreto had already had the same idea. In the end, when I put the car in gear, the engine started up again.

Afterwards I lost a bit of time during the first lap because my tyres had not reached the right temperature, and then I was held up by Mansell for a lap and a half. After I had succeeded in overtaking him, I found myself behind Watson and I can honestly say that I was faster than him. The car was going well, but unfortunately, during the fourth lap, I felt that something was loose at the back and I had to go back into the pits. The rear right suspension was out of line, althought I hadn't touched the kerb. I did one more lap, just to make sure, but that was it, the end of my first grand prix.

Errorless driving, seamless technique: Prost and Renault left their mark on the Forest of the Ardennes. Only de Cesaris was a fly in their ointment, and once again, ill-fortune dogged his efforts. (photo DDPI; preceding double page: Autopresse)

KEKE'S COLUMN

A fabulous track, bad weather, turbos, that's the story. I had been feeling a good deal stronger and better; I even got in some rest between races. I was still having a lot of problems with my hands, which were really still hurting and making driving difficult. But Saturday night I got some salve on them which helped a lot.

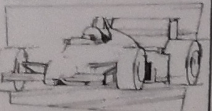
Of course if it had rained today, I would have had a better chance; but you never know, something else might have gone wrong. Still, I enjoy this track more in the dry; I'd have enjoyed it a lot more if I'd been quickest on the dry, but I wasn't, so that's that. I did well, I kept in touch, but we're just not good enough. Fact is, believe it or not, I'm here to win races: not just to be good enough, to stay in touch.

I heard there were protests about the rain and visibility. I make my own mind up on that sort of thing. I'm not against safety, but if a track is driveable, I'll drive it. If it isn't, I won't. There are limits to anything. It's not visibility alone: you can see the marshals allright, you just can't see anything else. But Frank pays me to drive and if I can drive, I will.

It didn't rain, but that doesn't matter. What does matter is not getting the rewards for driving well. I think I've been driving very well, he car is fine and I'm not getting anything for it. One thing I can say for sure is that you won't find me driving next year for any team that doesn't have a turbo. Don't get me wrong; I'm very happy with Frank and Patrick and the whole team, but I'm a professional sportsman with a short career; I have to capitalise on it. I have a living to make: in short order. I need a car to win races and I need a good salary.

As for the race, I made a less good start than usual, but everyone was sticking to the inside like chickens with their heads cut off; I went around the outside and found myself up against Jacques. I got past Jacques and after that there was no real problem, except after refuelling when the tyres were simply awful for a while. There was nothing I could do about the turbos. Winkelhock is another matter; I more or less expected he would make a mistake and I got by him without any problem: it looked like his engine had a brief cut-out.

So from here it's to Detroit. I'm happy enough with the points I got here; it keeps me in the running. I have a chance at Detroit. I wouldn't want to call it a last chance, but let's say the last for a while.



PRACTICE

The last Formula One World Championship race to be held at Spa-Francorchamps had been in 1970—and what a memorable occasion that had been, with Pedro Rodriguez's BRM P153 beating Chris Amon's March 701-Cosworth by a cat's whisker, after a long, hard battle at an average speed of 240 km/h. The majestic 14.100 km-long track of those days has long since disappeared, to be replaced, a few years ago by the present one, which is 6.94 km. It's a highly successful mixture of the old and the new, the new part of the track being particularly spectacular.

Changes have had to be made to meet the special needs of F1: Eau Rouge has been adapted, the Source hairpin made safer, and the pits have been moved.

Unfortunately, not all the work has been completed: the area around the paddock is just a huge sea of mud and the ancient press room is woefully inadequate.

The first day of practice, Friday, dawned cloudy, but there were moments of pleasant sunshine. There seemed little reason to worry. Journalists and photographers were scattered at various vantage points, eagerly awaiting the moment when the drivers took to the track. It all looked very promising, and the first ninety minutes of untimed practice lived up to everyone's expectations. They were a reminder that—however good urban circuits might be—those built along the lines of Nürburgring had their advantages too: a clear view of the track, a succession of long curves, all in an incomparable, sylvan setting. As several team bosses were quick to point out, this was a circuit that would separate the men from the boys; and so it proved. At the end of the first practice session, de Cesaris was fastest, ahead of Prost, Tambay, Winkelhock, Arnoux, Lauda, Cheever, Rosberg, Patrese, Baldi and Surer. Of this group, four drivers stood out: de Cesaris, with his impressive braking, Winkelhock who kept his temperamental BMW turbo under superb control, Rosberg with his masterful cornering and Surer who came into the Source hairpin rally-style...

Several drivers dropped out early on: Giacomelli's car had to pull off because of a faulty water radiator. He took to the spare, but had to stop again because of gearbox problems; Warwick's turbo broke; Piquet had engine problems, changed to the spare only to find that had transmission trouble, and Fabi's clutch turned out to be defective. As for Cecotto, he was caught unawares by two cars coming out of the pits five minutes before the end, took Eau Rouge wide, and went into a spin, before hitting the inside rail head-on. The Theodore team, with no spare to fall back on, spent the lunch-break trying to patch up the damage. The drivers, meanwhile, were busy giving their first impressions of the track. Despite a few minor reservations, they were very enthusiastic. They could hardly wait to finish their pit-stops to get back onto the track.

The first timed practice began at one o'clock and all the drivers were eager to start. This circuit is so demanding that few of them thought it likely that they could complete a single faultless lap.

Then there was the problem of the famous long-life qualifying tyres, which, because of the length of the circuit, could only perform really well for about three-quarters of a lap.

RENAULT elf
RENAULT
elf RENAULT
elf
MAGNETI MARELLI
MAGNETI MARELLI
MICHELIN

Tambay, in great form, but never aggressive, set a time of 2'04''626, which gave him the lead until just a few minutes before the end, when Prost, as usual, came out of the pits on his final set of tyres and made 2'04''615, at an average speed of 200.749 km/h. Behind the Renault and the Ferrari came de Cesaris, Piquet, Arnoux, Patrese, Winkelhock, Cheever, Rosberg and Surer. These had the ten fastest times. Alboreto's car was not as competitive and it was only in the final few seconds that he managed to get past Boutsen (who put in an excellent performance) to take seventeenth place.

De Angelis, who drove up onto the verge in the chicane, had to change a wishbone and Baldi only completed three laps before his car broke down. Ghinzani and Salazar did not qualify at this stage.

On Saturday, the second day of practice, there was a bad surprise waiting for the teams when they awoke: it was raining, and judging by the colour of the sky, it seemed unlikely to lift. The locals were not surprised. They know that this part of the Ardennes is not called "the chamber-pot of Belgium" for nothing. So the second session of untimed practice began on a soaking-wet track; it grew progressively wetter as downpour followed downpour at short intervals. Prost, with a time of more than 2'20'' was fastest, ahead of de Cesaris, Warwick (who was delighted with his Pirelli rain tyres), Tambay, Cheever and Rosberg. Winkelhock, plagued by electrical problems, pulled off after only three laps; the Brabhams didn't turn a wheel until the very end of the session. They saw no point in letting their drivers take useless risks. Giacomelli and Salazar stayed dry and snug in the pits.

Far from improving, the weather got steadily worse during lunch, and by the time that the second timed practice got underway, it was clear that, as was the case in Monaco, the grid would remain unchanged. Within a few minutes, the rain was coming down in sheets. It was wonderful, and at the same time terrifying, to watch the cars dragging great cascades of water in their wake. The drivers, 'though clearly far from happy, put a brave face on things. Only Ghinzani, Salazar, Watson and Mansell stayed in the pits. The magic had gone, and many of the drivers felt somehow cheated.

They had been expecting great things of this grand prix, they had got all worked up on Friday and now because of the "chamber-pot" they were faced with difficulties they had not been expecting. The best time was set by Cheever: more than 2'25, which put him ahead of Rosberg, Warwick, de Angelis and Arnoux. All the drivers could talk about was the appalling visibility, and the treacherous state of Eau Rouge and the steep rise that followed it. They all complained that their cars could not hold the road and the turbos, of course, had the worst of it.

At the end of the session, gloomy predictions abounded: some said that if it rained heavily the next day, the race might have to be postponed, for safety reasons. Others said it might have to be cancelled altogether. Some drivers, with sickly smiles playing on their lips, insisted, however, that they would be ready to tackle the track, the giant of the Ardennes, no matter how wet it might become.

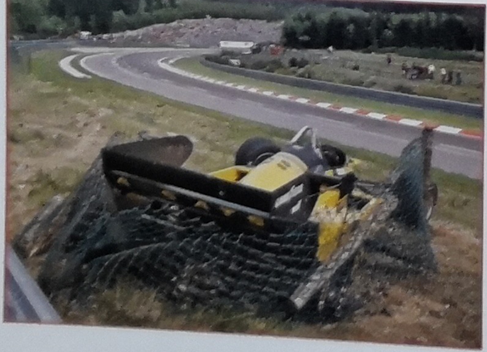
Didier Braillon

THE RACE

1. After the first false start, de Cesaris again pushed his way through to the front after the re-start. Coming past the new pit area, he leads the turbo brigade consisting of Prost, Tambay, Arnoux, Piquet and Winkelhock.
(Photo: DPPI, preceding double page: DPPI)

2. Badly held up at the start, Cheever goes throught Eau Rouge in front of Guerrero, de Angelis, Alboreto, Lauda, Giacomelli, Mansell and Watson, who was soon to have a run-in with Jarier. His Renault quickly moved up the field, overtaking Laffite, Rosberg and, three laps from the end, Piquet.
(photo: B. Asset)

3. Arnoux, Piquet and Winkelhock had a furious battle for fourth place which lasted from the start to lap 12, when the ATS lost out. Arnoux's engine was not in tip-top shape and he finally let Piquet by, only to retire when his Ferrari V6 gave up the ghost.
(photo: First Line)



4. Winkelhock made a long pit-stop on lap 12 with electrical problems. He rejoined the race last and, six laps later, attacking the downhill double left-hander, lost his right rear wheel and smashed hard into the fencing.
(photo: B. Asset)

Believe it or not, by noon on Sunday, Spa had turned balmy: not hot, mind you, but lukewarm. The only heat came from the start. The first thing you saw was Andrea de Cesaris cutting up the middle, blowing past Prost who had been on pole, and charging down towards Eau Rouge in full command. Hold on, folks! The black flag is out. What seems to have happened is that, starting in the middle of the field, just behind the ingenious curve that conceals the back of the grid from the front, Surer blew his gearbox and Laffite, seeing Surer raise his hand, followed suit. But up front, starter Derek Ongaro, who had passed to the red light, wasn't immediately aware of the problem; when it was drawn to his attention by the marshals' yellow flags, he promptly threw the orange. But neither Prost nor de Cesaris are the sort who wait for the actual green; they were off and running.

Anyway, that was sorted out, the cars took another warm-up lap and then the race was properly re-started: without incident, save that the race was now reduced from 42 laps to 40 to account for the extra fuel burned off in the excitement. Surer went out in his spare and once again, de Cesaris wormed his way between Prost and Tambay and charged off into what was by then practically a wild blue yonder.

One would like to say that it was all plain, and quite boring, sailing from then on. But that would not be quite true. For Prost to win, on a circuit he had proven was very much his—in the dry as in the wet—he had to have a lot in his favour: his car had to be reliable (it was, superbly so); his refuelling had to be quick (it was, quickest of the lot); and he had to run a smart race (he did: as he generally does).

But for the first nineteen laps, it was Andrea de Cesaris who was driving the race of his young lifetime. He looked utterly in command: so much so that the turbos following him didn't really bother to challenge and his lead went up from one second to six in fairly short order.
Behind him, for most of that time, were: Prost, Tambay, Arnoux who retired with his engine gone at the two-thirds mark, Piquet, whose gearbox gave him trouble in the late stages, Winkelhock and then as ever, the leader of the aspirated brigade, Rosberg.

The only question in anyone's mind was, what would happen when the time came to refuel, for the rest seemed clear enough; the turbos were in charge, de Cesaris, who had put in long hard testing at Spa and run bloody well, was fastest among them, and that was that. But refuelling is always a tricky matter. In fact, for some, it was a nightmare. De Cesaris was so undone by his (it looked so slow in the Alfa pits they might as well have been draining spaghetti) that he rejoined the race on lap 20 in sixth place. In no time at all, he was back in a challenging posture, reaching his apogee on lap 25, the very lap on which his engine blew: inexplicably and without previous warning.

Behind him there had been the usual string of retirements: Patrese with engine problems, Boutsen with a broken rear suspension, Guerrero with an engine, Watson and Jarier with an unpleasant little brush.

Behind the front-runners, too, there were some private races hotting up. The first involved Rosberg, who was finding it hard work to get by Winkelhock; the feat was achieved on lap 11. Further up front, Piquet was right up on both the Ferraris, and they were clearly holding him back, especially on the corners. Eventually Arnoux yielded and the order at the half-way point, just when refuellings were about to begin, was: de Cesaris, Prost, Tambay, Piquet, Arnoux, Rosberg, Cheever, Laffite.

The outcome of all the refuellings didn't really show itself clearly until de Cesaris stopped on lap 25. By then Prost, with a 14s pit-stop, had taken a grip on the race. Piquet was struggling to get back in touch, but he was over 20s back, with Tambay challenging him hard and eventually overtaking him on lap 34. Rosberg had had a slow pit-stop, including a fire he didn't even know about, and such excitement as was generated was provided by Eddie Cheever, who, by finishing third not only proved something about the Renault's new-found reliability, but a good deal about his personal qualities as a driver.

Thus, bravo Renault, tea and sympathy for Andrea, thanks Rosberg and Laffite for showing what you could do with turbos, well done Tambay, again. I wouldn't think the race for the championship is settled yet.

by Keith Botsford

5. The race-leader, de Cesaris, was the first to stop at the halfway mark, thus losing first place. Prost put in three more laps before stopping in turn, after the majority had refuelled. His mechanics were super-quick and turned him around in 12''89.
(photo: DPPI)

6. Tambay followed Prost throughout the race. Third place became second when the unlucky de Cesaris had to retire on lap 25. His Ferrari finished more than 23'' behind the winner and Tambay admitted that on the day, the Renault was unbeatable.
(photo: B. Asset)

Grand-Prix
INTERNATIONAL
CINZANO
Marlboro
CAMPARI
TEXACO

7. Prost began the race with problems; his car kept bottoming and he experienced severe tyre vibrations. Part two of his race was much easier: out on the same tyres as at the start, he had no problems and described his finish as "very slow".
(photo: First Line)

8. First Prost, second Tambay: the podium shook to the strains of the Marseillaise. Prost's 28 points put him in the championship lead ahead of Tambay with 23 and Piquet is now under attack for the second spot. The next battles between the Renault, BMW and Ferrari turbos should be fierce.
(photos: B. Asset)

Spa statistics

BELGIAN GRAND PRIX

Date: 22 May 1983.
Circuit: Spa-Francorchamps.
Circuit length: 6,940 km.
Race distance: 40 laps, 277,60 km.
Weather: sunny and warm, cloudy periods.
Attendance: 85 000 spectators.

PREVIOUS WINNERS
(last five races)

1978 : Andretti (Lotus)
1979 : Scheckter (Ferrari)
1980 : Pironi (Ligier)
1981 : Reutemann (Williams)
1982 : Watson (McLaren)

STARTING GRID.

Prost Renault RE40 2'04''615 (1)	Tambay Ferrari 126C2 2'04''626 (1)
De Cesaris Alfa Romeo 183T 2'04''840 (1)	Piquet Brabham BT52-BMW 2'05''628 (1)
Arnoux Ferrari 126C2 2'05''737 (1)	Patrese Brabham BT52-BMW 2'06''137 (1)
Winkelhock ATS D6-BMW 2'06''524 (1)	Cheever Renault RE40 2'07''294 (1)
Rosberg Williams FW08C-Cosworth 2'07''975 (1)	Surer Arrows A6-Cosworth 2'08''587 (1)
Laffite Williams FW08C-Cosworth 2'09''153 (1)	Baldi Alfa Romeo 183T 2'09''225 (1)
De Angelis Lotus 93T-Renault 2'09''310 (1)	Guerrero Theodore 183-Cosworth 2'09''322
Lauda McLaren MP4-1C-Cosworth 2'09''475 (1)	Giacomelli Toleman TG183B-Hart 2'09''706 (1)
Alboreto Tyrrell 011-Cosworth 2'09''739 (1)	Boutsen Arrows A6-Cosworth 2'09''876 (1)
Mansell Lotus 92-Cosworth 2'09''924 (1)	Watson McLaren-MP4-1C-Cosworth 2'10''318 (1)
Jarier Ligier JS21-Cosworth 2'11''354 (1)	Warwick Toleman TG183B-Hart 2'11''474 (1)
Sullivan Tyrrell 011-Cosworth 2'11''683 (1)	Fabi Osella FA1D-Cosworth 2'11''734 (1)
Cecotto Theodore 183-Cosworth 2'11''860 (1)	Boesel Ligier JS21-Cosworth 2'12''310 (1)

Did not qualify:
Ghinzani/Osella FA1E-Alfa Romeo, 2'13''738 (1)
Salazar/RAM 01-Cosworth, 2'18''696 (1)

PROVISIONAL WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP POSITIONS

(After the Brazilian, Long Beach, French, San Marino, Monaco and Belgian Grands Prix.)

							Total
1. Prost	—	—	9	6	4	9	28
2. Piquet	9	—	6	—	—	3	24
3. Tambay	2	—	3	9	3	6	23
4. Rosberg	—	—	2	3	9	2	16
5. Watson	—	9	—	2	—	—	11
6. Lauda	4	6	—	—	—	—	10
7. Arnoux	—	4	—	4	—	—	8
— Cheever	—	—	4	—	—	4	8
— Laffite	3	3	1	—	—	1	8
10. Surer	1	2	—	1	—	—	4
11 Sullivan	--	—	—	—	2	—	2
12 Cecotto	—	1	—	—	—	—	1
— Baldi	—	—	—	—	1	—	1

MICHELIN
Turbo 15
RENAULT elf

RESULTS

1. Prost/Renault RE40, 40 laps, in 278,620 km in 1 hr 27'11''502, at an average speed of 191,729 km/h.

2. Tambay	Ferrari 126C2	23''182
3 Cheever	Renault RE40	39''869
4. Piquet	Brabham BT52-BMW	42''295
5. Rosberg	Williams FW08C-Cosworth	50''480
6. Laffite	Williams FW08C-Cosworth	1'33''107
7. Warwick	Toleman TG183B-Hart	1'58''539
8. Giacomelli	Toleman TG183B-Hart	2'38''273
9. De Angelis	Lotus 93T-Renault	1 lap behind
10. Cecotto	Theodore 183-Cosworth	1 lap behind
11. Surer	Arrows A6-Cosworth	1 lap behind
12. Sullivan	Tyrrell 011-Cosworth	1 lap behind
13. Boesel	Ligier JS21-Cosworth	1 lap behind
14. Alboreto	Tyrrell 011-Cosworth	2 laps behind

Fastest lap: De Cesaris/Alfa Romeo 183T, 2'07''493 on lap 17, an average speed of 196,217 km/h.

CONSTRUCTORS' WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP

1. Renault 36 pts ; 2. Ferrari 31 pts ; 3. Williams 24 pts ; Brabham 24 pts ; 5. McLaren 21 pts ; 6. Arrows 4 pts ; 7. Tyrrell 2 pts ; 8. Alfa Romeo 1 pt ; Theodore 1 pt.

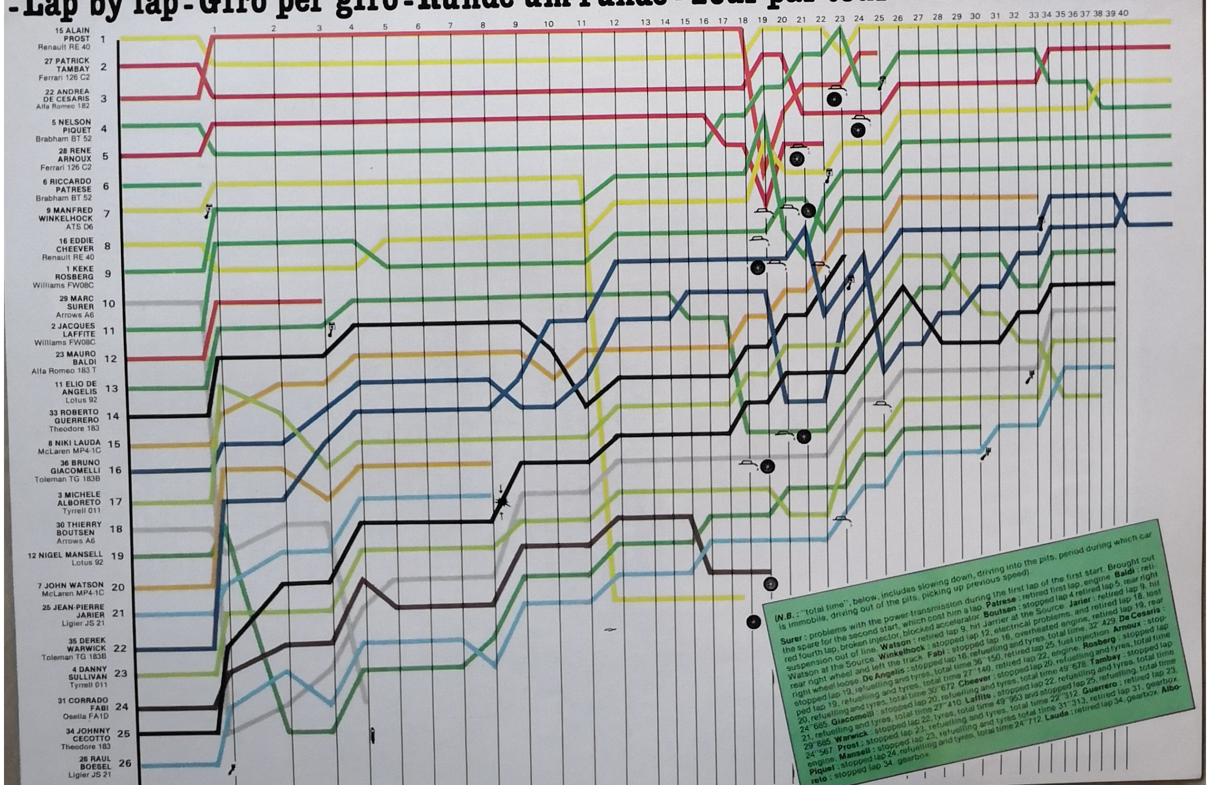
OFFICIAL QUALIFYING TIMES

	Unoff. practice 1	Unoff. practice 1	Unoff. practice 2	Unoff. practice 2	Warm-up Sunday
1. Rosberg	2'09''498	2'07''975	2'23''841	2'30''151	2'09''713
2. Laffite	2'10''547	2'09''153	2'25''769	3'20''872	2'20''714
3. Alboreto	2'10''990	2'09''739	2'26''431	2'31''533	2'14''222
4. Sullivan	2'13''877	2'11''683	2'29''518	2'38''284	2'14''918
5. Piquet	2'13''093	2'05''628	2'28''627	3'01''465	2'09''577
6. Patrese	2'09''585	2'06''137	2'43''363	3'01''358	2'11''318
7. Watson	2'10''907	2'10''318	2'26''959	———	2'12''038
8. Lauda	2'08''841	2'09''475	2'25''392	3'00''356	2'10''621
9. Winkelhock	2'08''531	2'06''254	2'45''053	2'44''663	2'08''878
11. De Angelis	213''136	2'09''310	2'24''861	2'30''478	2'12''383
12. Mansell	2'10''455	2'09''924	2'27''411	———	2'15''163
15. Prost	2'06''869	2'04''615	2'20''754	2'34''312	2'08''187
16. Cheever	2'09''179	2'07''294	2'23''800	2'25''700	2'09''209
17. Salazar	2'17''771	2'18''696	———	———	———
22. De Cesaris	2'06''830	2'04''840	2'22''333	26'06''800	2'09''273
23. Baldi	2'10''038	2'09''225	2'24''308	18'49''960	2'11''615
25. Jarier	2'14''171	2'11''354	2'25''706	2'49''311	2'13''177
26. Boesel	2'13''845	2'12''310	2'27''858	2'34''659	2'16''234
27. Tambay	2'08''184	2'04''626	2'23''500	2'35''036	2'08''890
28. Arnoux	2'08''673	2'05''737	2'24''753	2'30''961	2'09''303
29. Surer	2'10''454	2'08''587	2'27''617	2'35''016	2'13''737
30. Boutsen	2'10''607	2'09''876	2'25''722	2'35''832	2'14''077
31. Fabi	2'19''073	2'11''734	2'29''611	2'41''895	2'14''597
32. Ghinzani	2'15''183	2'13''738	2'29''904	———	———
33. Guerrero	2'11''159	2'09''322	2'24''321	2'31''077	2'12''104
34. Cecotto	2'10''888	2'11''860	2'28''538	2'43''780	2'13''736
35. Warwick	2'11''124	2'11''474	2'22''880	2'30''477	2'14''996
36. Giacomelli	2'27''063	2'09''706	———	2'35''556	2'11''377

THEIR FASTEST RACE LAPS

De Cesaris	2'07''493 (17)
Prost	2'07''787 (20)
Piquet	2'08''081 (32)
Cheever	2'08''332 (22)
Giacomelli	2'08''941 (18)
Tambay	2'09''031 (14)
Warwick	2'09''224 (17)
Rosberg	2'09''631 (19)
Arnoux	2'09''639 (18)
Winkelhock	2'10''109 (04)
Laffite	2'10''402 (18)
De Angelis	2'10''643 (14)
Lauda	2'10''893 (29)
Baldi	2'11''569 (03)
Guerrero	2'12''327 (23)
Cecotto	2'12''520 (15)
Alboreto	2'12''630 (20)
Mansell	2'12''665 (17)
Fabi	2'13''029 (19)
Surer	2'13''364 (15)
Jarier	2'13''521 (05)
Watson	2'13''640 (06)
Sullivan	2'13''863 (18)
Boutsen	2'14''040 (02)
Boesel	2'15''269 (29)
Patrese	———

-Lap by lap - Giro per giro - Runde um runde - Tour par tour - Vuelta a vuelta - Ron



(N.B. : "total time", below, includes slowing down, driving into the pits, period during which car is immobile, driving out of the pits, picking up previous speed).

Surer : problems with the power-transmission during the first lap of the first start. Brought out the spare for the second start, which cost him a lap. **Patrese** : retired first lap, engine. **Baldi** : retired fourth lap, broken injector, blocked accelerator. **Boutsen** : stopped lap 4 retired lap 5, rear right suspension out of line. **Watson** : retired lap 9, hit Jarrier at the Source. **Jarier** : retired lap 9, hit Watson at the Source. **Winkelhock** : stopped lap 12, electrical problems, and retired lap 18, lost rear right wheel and left the track. **Fabi** : stopped lap 16, overheated engine, retired lap 19, rear right wheel loose. **De Angalis** : stopped lap 18, refuelling and tyres, total time, 32' 429. **De Cesaris** : stopped lap 13, refuelling and tyres, total time 36''150, retired lap 25, fuel injection. **Arnoux** : stopped lap 19, refuelling and tyres, total time 27''140, retired lap 22, engine. **Rosberg** : stopped lap 20, refuelling and tyres, total time 30''672. **Cheever** : stopped lap 20, refuelling and tyres, total time 24''685. **Giacomelli** : stopped lap 20, refuelling and tyres, total time 49''678. **Tambay** : stopped lap 21, refuelling and tyres, total time 27''410. **Laffite** : stopped lap 22, refuelling and tyres, total time 29''685. **Warwick** : stopped lap 22, tyres, total time 49''953 and stopped lap 25, refuelling, total time 24''567. **Prost** : stopped lap 23, refuelling and tyres, total time 22''312. **Guerrero** : retired lap 23, engine. **Mansell** : stopped lap 23, refuelling and tyres total time 31''313, retired lap 31, gearbox. **Piquet** : stopped lap 24, refuelling and tyres, total time 24''712. **Lauda** : retired lap 34, gearbox. **Alboreto** : stopped lap 34, gearbox.

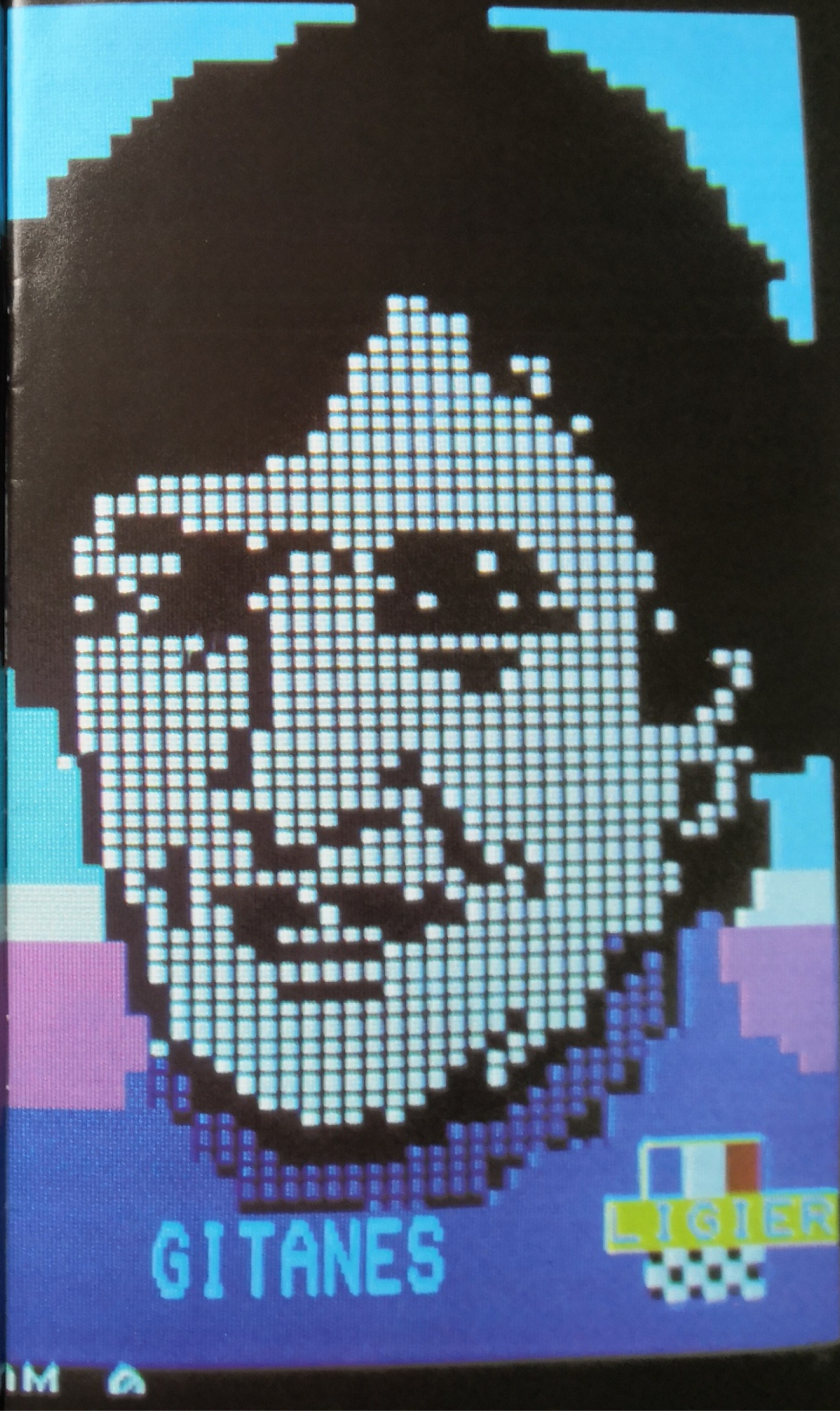
VIDEO JARIER

The figures speak for themselves : 126 grands prix, 461 km in the lead and nothing like a win for Jean-Pierre Jarier. Ill-fortune is sometimes flagrant ; sometimes, as when it keeps a driver from demonstrating that he's lost none of his skills, it is merely insidious.

by Xavier Chimits

The Principality used to be all operetta ; now it's all concrete. The Sporting Club, at least on this Friday afternoon before the Monaco Grand Prix, is a haven of peace and greenery. As a backdrop you have three outboards zigzagging about the opal-coloured bay and raising a fine spray, plus a lot of noise to break the calm as their hulls bang down on the surface. Larrousse takes a moment off his tennis to announce he'd be bloody surprised *"if Prost didn't pull it off."* His three fellow-players nod. They are : the singer Philippe Lavil, Jean-Pierre Beltoise and Jean-Pierre Jarier.
On one side of the net, the aces : Larrousse-Lavil ; on the other, the clodhoppers, Beltoise-Jarier. Virginia Ruzici looks on, but Jarier doesn't change his spots on the court ; he plays as he lives : effectively but without worrying too much about the fine points. When it's over, he comes off the court sweating but victorious : *"Tennis beats jogging,"* he says. His next rendez-vous is in Cannes, where he wants to look over a boat he'd like to buy. He likes nice toys, and the good life. And not being the sour sort, he still enjoys Formula One as though he were just starting out : despite the disappointments, despite the missed opportunities. It would be mean to tally them all.

→



Others might complain. But he enjoys life too much to whine. Which doesn't keep him from having the odd moment of bitterness to go along with his lucidity : *"You have to talk straight. My career in F1 has added up to nothing. Absolutely zero. Not a win, ever. Three third places in over 120 races : I call that zilch. I am the only French driver who has never won a grand prix. The reason is perfectly simple : a driver's career is strictly dependent on the teams he drives for.*

It's an explanation that calls for amplification. A driver's team does not depend on pure chance. *"I think I've been the victim of a number of circumstances that have militated against me. Every time that a first-class team has called on me, I was tied down by a contract. In 1973, Ferrari wanted me to drive for them ; Robin Herd refused to release me from my contract with March. Lauda was able to buy back his contract with BRM : you know what that meant... The same thing happened in 1979 when Ligier first approached me. I'd got a three-year contract with Tyrrell. I was trapped and Pironi got the drive. Then, when I was free, all the best drives were already taken. That's what happened when I had two races for Lotus in 1978. I got lots of pats on the back for being quicker than Andretti, but only Tyrrell showed up with a contract : a three-year contract at a time when he didn't have any sponsor.*

"The most recent example sums it all up. At the end of 1981, Frank Williams asked me to take Alan Jones' place. Then he called me up to say that Jones was going to make a come-back. So I signed with Osella. A week later, Frank called me up to say that Jones was definitely quitting. Too late : he signed up Rosberg. Then Reutemann started having second thoughts. So Osella and Williams made a deal by which I could be freed from my contract. In the end, Reutemann hung on : only to quit F1 a month later. By then the Osella-Williams deal was no longer operative. Think about it a moment : I was within an ace of driving for Williams... and Keke would have been driving for Osella. Those are the breaks."

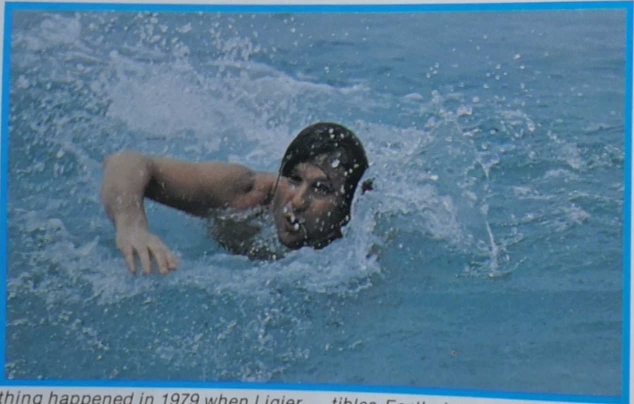
Should it happen that one day Jarier quits driving, he'd join Chris Amon in the gallery of the truly unlucky in the sport. It's all rather strange, for the constructors all agree that Jarier is among the quickest drivers about ; they just don't happen to think of him when they're making their final choices. It's as though he had some black mark against him. *"There are two things that stick to me and damaged my chances. People think of me as a dilettante because I'm relaxed, because I don't think F1 is all there is to life. But at work, I'm anything but a dilettante. I'm always on time.*

I've never turned down a testing session. Ask any of the teams I've worked for, Tyrrell or Ligier, they'll tell you. It's all because when I started out in the sport I had long hair and drove convertibles. For the bosses in F1, that must have seemed sinful.

"They also say that I wreck cars. That's ridiculous. People who know the business know perfectly well that I'm among those with the fewest accidents and that I know how to nurse an engine and a gear-box. There again, ask the people I've worked for. People call me 'Lead-Foot' ; that's because I'm forever on the attack. People who connect lead-footing and wrecking cars are just plain dumb.

Jean-Pierre's real debut in F1 goes back to 1973, though there was a one-off in a March 701 at Monza in 1971. So, it's ten long years in the business. *"I've been through so many stages in the development of F1 that I think I'm one of the few drivers who can actually combine the 70's and the 80's. In 1971, F1 was still a friendly affair : no motor-homes, you knew everyone.*

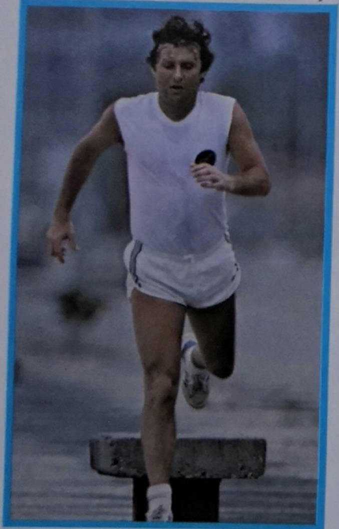
"Then I saw the big budgets coming in, ground effect, skirts, turbos. Once the driver was much more important than his car ; that just isn't so any



Jarier, like many other F1 drivers, is crazy about sailing. He's too much of a free spirit to live out his days within the enclosed world of motor racing. At least as far as sailing is concerned, he can dream of ever-broadening horizons. (photos: B. Asset and First Line; illustration on previous double page: DPPI and P. Rabassa)

more. Getting rid of skirts has been a help, but now turbo engines have opened up such a power-gap that once again the driver is secondary. On most normal circuits, victory will come to one of six cars, three of which won't finish because turbos remain fragile engines. I don't see the logic to it. I look back to my beginnings. Hubert Hahne lent me his old March ; I had my tool kit in the boot of my car. I picked up two chums on the way and off we went to Monza, with the March on tow. You didn't think twice about it in those days and I must be the last of the old lot who brought his own car to the track."

Ten years in F1 and before that, six years coming up the ladder : and still he remains more enthusiastic than bored. *"Inside myself, I don't feel like some old-timer. I still want to win, though F1 hasn't really given me what I expected of it. I can understand why Scheckter quit. He had reached the top ; the only way to go was down. My nerve hasn't aged. Driving for a top team hones you up ; people expect a lot of you ; you carry a lot on your shoulders. Alas ! I've never faced that problem before. With Osella you attacked a curve and you couldn't be sure when you came out of it if you'd still have your four wheels.*



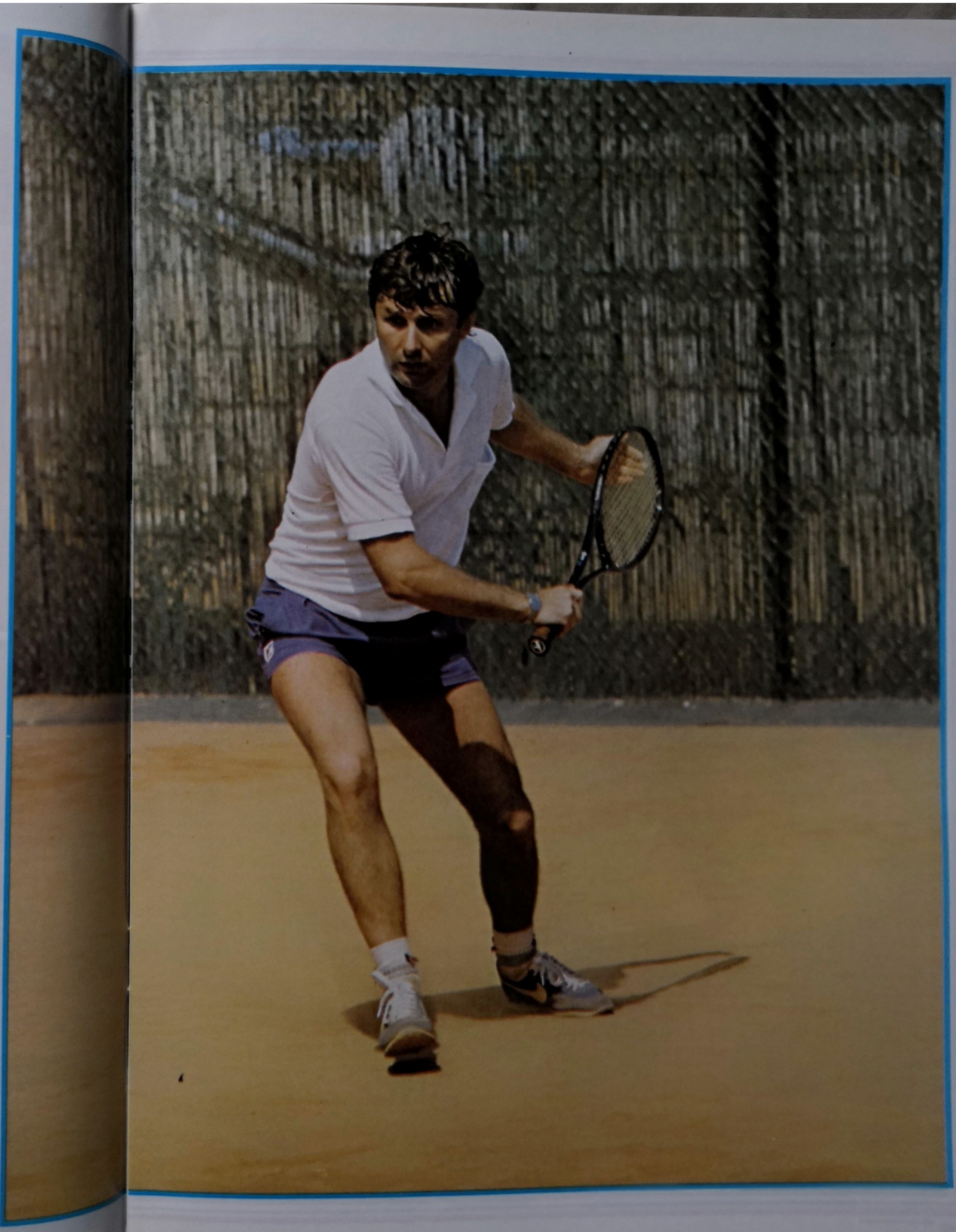
"I couldn't drive for an Osella or an ATS again. I'm not ready for the old compromises. That's the only way in which I feel I've aged. So next year, if the rules don't change, I'll only drive for a turbo-team. It's the statistics that tell you you've been around a long time : 36 years of age, over a hundred grands prix. And the way younger drivers look at you. Gabbiani was sure he was going to hit me ; I watched him drive and I realized I'd aged. But I like to think it's in the right way. I'm 36 now, one of the veterans in F1. But I don't look ahead that much. Obviously, I'll stop some day, but it' ll be short and quick when I do, like Lauda at the Canadian GP in 1979."

The signs would seem to show that Jarier's still got some good years ahead. He feels at home with Ligier and patiently awaits the day when he gets his hands on a turbo. The quarrel he had with Jean-Pierre Jabouille two years back is over now. *"It was a sordid little tale. I drove two races for Ligier while Jean-Pierre was recovering, and when he did come back, I was quicker than he was. Which is understandable ; he was badly injured. But he was afraid I'd take his drive. Laffite thought so too. So they did everything they could to winkle me out. I never said what I'm supposed to have said* (to the effect that Jabouille shouldn't be driving) ; *I never tried to take his place at Ligier. But when Jabouille did quit, Laffite preferred Tambay to me, and he had considerable influence with Ligier. Another chance gone. The way Guy Ligier behaves, you know all that's in the past. We get along fine. If anything, I'm in a privileged position. When I ran into Rosberg at Long Beach, he didn't say a word to me. I believe in the potential of the team. All we lack is a turbo. But on the slower circuits, as at Long Beach, we should be in with a fighting chance."*

There's no doubt that Jarier is the least-known of all French drivers : at least to his own public. So, no victories hasn't helped ; but also it's been a matter of not driving regularly for a French team.

"Unlike the other French drivers in F1, five of them if you include Pironi, I didn't go through the Elf scheme. And if you don't have a big sponsor like Elf, it's hard for a French driver ; a big sponsor can get you into a major team. No, I can't say I've been a brilliant handler of my career and I really can't say for sure whether it's been my fault or just a matter of circumstance. But the last word's not been said. I drive with the intention of being champion. This year, forget it, there's no turbo. I hope to win a race. It becomes an obsession when you haven't. Not a big one, just a nagging doubt. Just enough to make me want to fight that much harder."

So, is that the whole truth, nothing but the truth ? You can't be sure. He has perhaps told his story the way he would wish it to have been ; understandable, when you think how he's paid for his mistakes. The detached tone with which he speaks of the unhappy past no doubt conceals a very real turmoil : that of a man who knows that as time goes by, Formula One has seldom hesitated to insult his real talents.



« Tennis is better than jogging''. Jarier's way of holding his raquet is a far cry from what the textbooks suggest. But he doesn't give a hoot. He has always preferred efficiency to orthodoxy. (photos: First Line)

THIERRY BOUTSEN

He's not yet twenty-six, but Belgium is impatiently waiting for him to follow in Jacky Ickx's glorious footsteps; in the 1000 km. at Monza, Boutsen even managed to score a victory over the legendary Ickx, before moving into Formula One, with Arrows. (photos: B. Asset)

"I see no point in moaning about the fact that drivers have to find money if they're to race. It's a sad state of affairs, but that's the way it is, and thinking about it too much is just a waste of time. Your time's better spent making sure you've got the money you need." **Thierry Boutsen may be young and reserved, but he's a gritty, determined individual all the same.**

by Didier Braillon

Since the evening of the Monaco Grand Prix, when he finally signed his contract with Jackie Oliver, Thierry Bousen's life has changed out of all recognition. The Belgian media can't get enough of him and he spends his time rushing from one press conference to the next. It's hard at first to imagine him in this new role. But Thierry's got no qualms about it:

"There's not much fun in giving endless interviews, but I don't mind at all: I do it so that I can race. Once it's over for the day, I go home feeling that I've achieved something." To get into Formula One these days you need money — no matter how good a driver you are. The driver who can't find a sponsor won't get very far. Thierry's long road into Formula One was an uphill struggle because he had a lot of money to find. But he was lucky: the Belgians had waited so long for a successor to Jacky Ickx that they were ready to be generous towards Boutsen. Thierry, who is more at home behind the wheel of his car than in involved negotiations, found a journalist, Pierre van Vliet, to make the initial contact with sponsors for him. Now, with most of the work done, Thierry can concentrate on the real challenge: getting the best out of

→

his car (the Arrows-Cosworth n 30, for the time being) in Formula One.

Thierry Boutsen twice had the title of European F2 champion almost within his grasp. In 1981, he missed it by a cat's whisker because his March-BMW, was not as powerful as the Hondas. In 1982 it was because his Spirit Honda's Bridgestone tyres were not as good as the Michelins March and Maurer had. He was haunted by his dreams of racing in F1:

"When I started racing in Formula Ford, I had no specific ambition. Getting into grand prix racing seemed an unlikely prospect and my only aim was to go on driving as long as possible. But as my career progressed, grands prix became my sole aim. Why? Because it's the most professional category of motor racing and because the drawbacks of driving in F1 are nothing compared to the satisfaction that you get from it."

Thierry wasted no time in learning all about driving F1 cars. His first experience of it came in 1979, when he drove seven laps at Brands Hatch in a McLaren M26. Soon after, in 1980, he did a test in a McLaren M29 at Silverstone and another in Daly's March at Silverstone in 1981 (*"in the rain, on slicks."*) Then, at about the same time, he tried out a Brabham at Paul Ricard, and last season he drove a McLaren MP4 at Silverstone. Finally, last winter came the great adventure: developing the Spirit-Honda in California:

"I think I must have done more than 3,000 kilometers in that car, all told. We were often held up by mechanical problems. The Honda V6's pistons or cylinder head gaskets regularly gave up the ghost."

But today, Spirit-Honda belongs to Thierry's past. He's still very bitter about it:

"The challenge of developing a new car from scratch appealed to me, Spirit were happy with my F2 season and I was sure that I would be chosen to drive the F1 once it was ready to compete. Instead, they took on Stefan Johansson and at the time I took it very badly. I'd been so sure that Spirit would pick me that I had turned down an interesting offer from Ken Tyrrell. He wanted me as second driver to Michele Alboreto. The money that was needed was more than reasonable and I could have found it in Belgium in no time. But I said no... and it was soon after that, that the axe fell.

"I asked Nobuhiko Kawamoto, the man in charge of Honda's F1 programme to give me an explanation, to tell me if the decision was in any way connected with my skills as a driver. I'm still waiting for an official reply."

But Boutsen's too much of a realist to cry over spilt milk. He quickly pulled himself together: he did a brief test in John McDonald's RAM-March at Silverstone and decided that wasn't for him. Ever since then he has directed all his energies into trying to come to some agreement with Jackie Oliver and Alan Rees. The result of his efforts: a first trial in the car on the Silverstone track a few days after the San Marino Grand Prix.

CPC
Aerobat
ABELAG

He rents a small house and doesn't even have his own car. Despite appearances, Thierry Boutsen does not yet belong among the well-to-do. The fact that he can indulge his passion for flying is thanks to a friend, who gives him lessons in his own Cessna. (photos: First Line and B. Asset)

"It was just before the Grand Prix International 1,000 kms and there were all kinds of cars about: Porsche 956s, Formula 3s, Formula Fords. After about a hundred laps I made a time of 1'15"3 on B tyres. There was a wonderful atmosphere. Jackie Oliver, Alan Rees, the engineer Dave Wass, the mechanics, everyone was in high spirits. I felt as though I was already part of the team — even though I still hadn't raised all the necessary money in Belgium. It was a really great work session. Dave Wass was constantly making adjustments to the car; not to try to help set a better time, but so that I could see how it behaved when various adjustments were made."

Thierry, who holds an engineer's diploma, is mad about the technical side of racing:

"It's one of the major attractions of Formula One for me. Sometimes I spend longer setting up a car than I have to, but then, when I'm behind the wheel and it reacts exactly the way it should, it all seems well worth it."

It's absolutely vital, for a small country like Belgium which stages an annual grand prix, to have a top class driver. *"These days, if a young Belgian driver wants to move up from Formula Ford"* claims Thierry, *"it will be a lot easier for him that it was for me, because I've blazed a trail and the public is much more interested in motor-racing now than it was a few years ago."*

Boutsen — a pioneer? What about Jacky Ickx, who competed in 116 grands prix between 1967 and 1979? Boutsen explains:

"Ever since Jacky's great days in Formula One, the public has been waiting eagerly for someone to step into his shoes. Because when you're interested in motor-racing, you need idols, it gets you that much more involved. Jacky had his own public, but I think that in Belgium, a new group of spectators is emerging, encouraged by Belgian press and T.V., which are giving increasingly, better grand prix coverage."

It's particularly interesting to listen to Thierry on the subject of Jacky Ickx: remember the last 1,000 km at Monza, won by Boutsen, when Jacky failed to appear on the second step of the podium? It was an incident that did not go unnoticed by the press — and rightly so.

"Jacky", explains Thierry with an amused glint in his eye, *"couldn't get to the podium because of the crowds."* And he claims there's no conflict between him and the Belgian superstar.

"When I started out in Formula Ford, I knew nothing about the world of motor racing and much of my time was taken up by military service, which I was doing at the time. Jacky had faith in me and took a great interest in my future, and I'll always be grateful to him for that. But one day, the time came for me to go it alone, and each of us went our separate ways. He wished me luck and I hope that by winning races such as the Monza 1,000 kms, I've justified the faith he showed in me at the outset."

Thierry says all this with his characteristic serenity. Since last season, he's been a frequent visitor to F1 grands prix, to make sure he doesn't let any opportunity pass him by. Always impeccably, but simply dressed, Thierry's banned jeans and T-shirts from his wardrobe, ever-conscious of his responsibilities towards his sponsors. Money isn't his main motive, far from it. So far, he hasn't earned a single penny from racing.

Marlboro
FERRARI

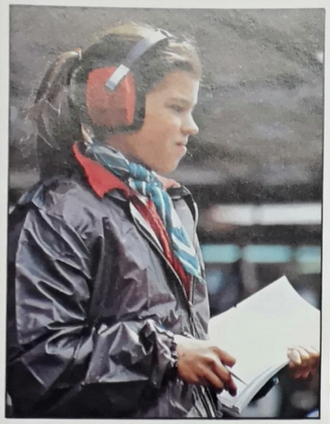
"Everything I've earned so far has been reinvested in motor-racing. For the time being, I don't own anything: I rent a very small house in Brussels and the car that I use, a Honda Accord, isn't in my name. In fact, I think I can say I'm extremely poor."

He says it without regret, without seeking sympathy. It's just a simple statement of fact.

"Since the start of my career, I've taken part in 110 races and won 25 of them. Nearly one in four."

It's not bad average, and one that will be put to the test in F1. □

Postcard from Spa



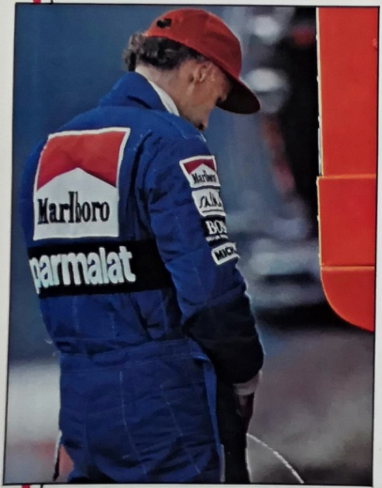
Miss Paul Rosche junior: like father, like daughter.

COLLIER D'ARDENNES

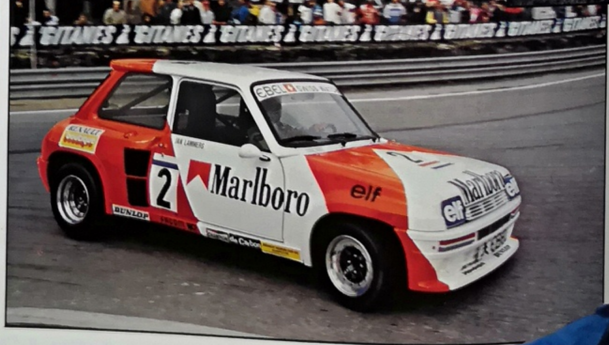
Souvenir Shop

Grand-Prix
HOLIDAY GRAND PRIX
CINZANO

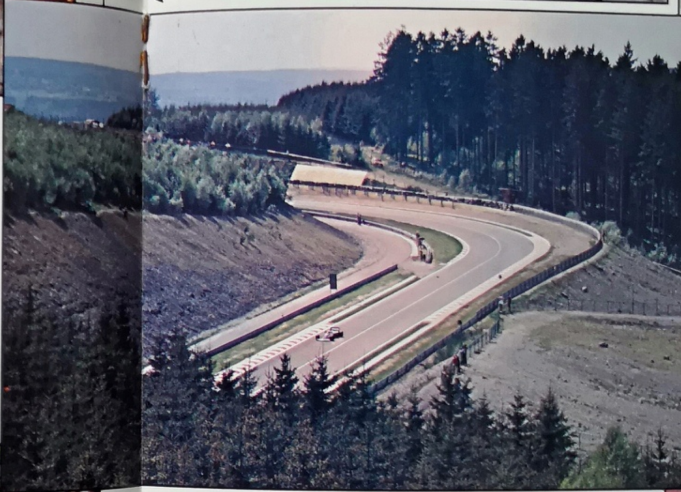
G.P.I in the news again


Marlboro
parmalat

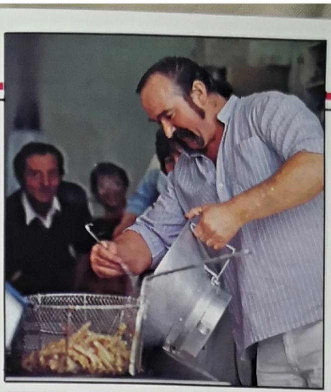
Drops of Heineken


GITANES
2
Marlboro
elf
DUNLOP

Lammers from up north wins in the Ardennes



Good grief! My green beans have turned yellow!

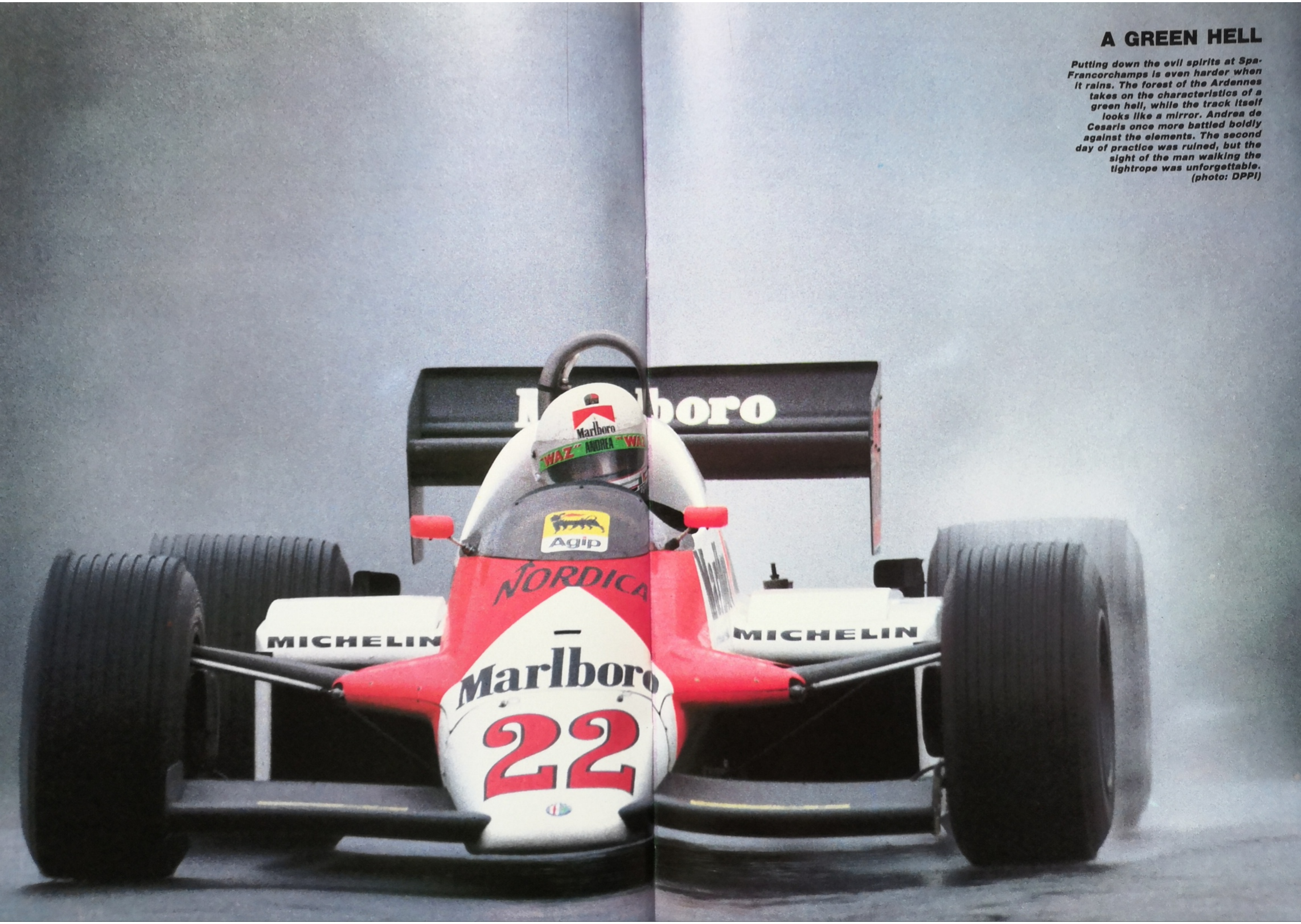


"A giant step for mankind..."

Is there a camera-man in the house?

Malmédy 10
Stav lot 8
A27
44 Liège
23 Verviers
8 Spa

Martina Cecotto's Cover-up


Marlboro
Marlboro
"WAZ" ANDREA "WAZ"
Agip
NORDICA
MICHELIN
MICHELIN
Marlboro
22

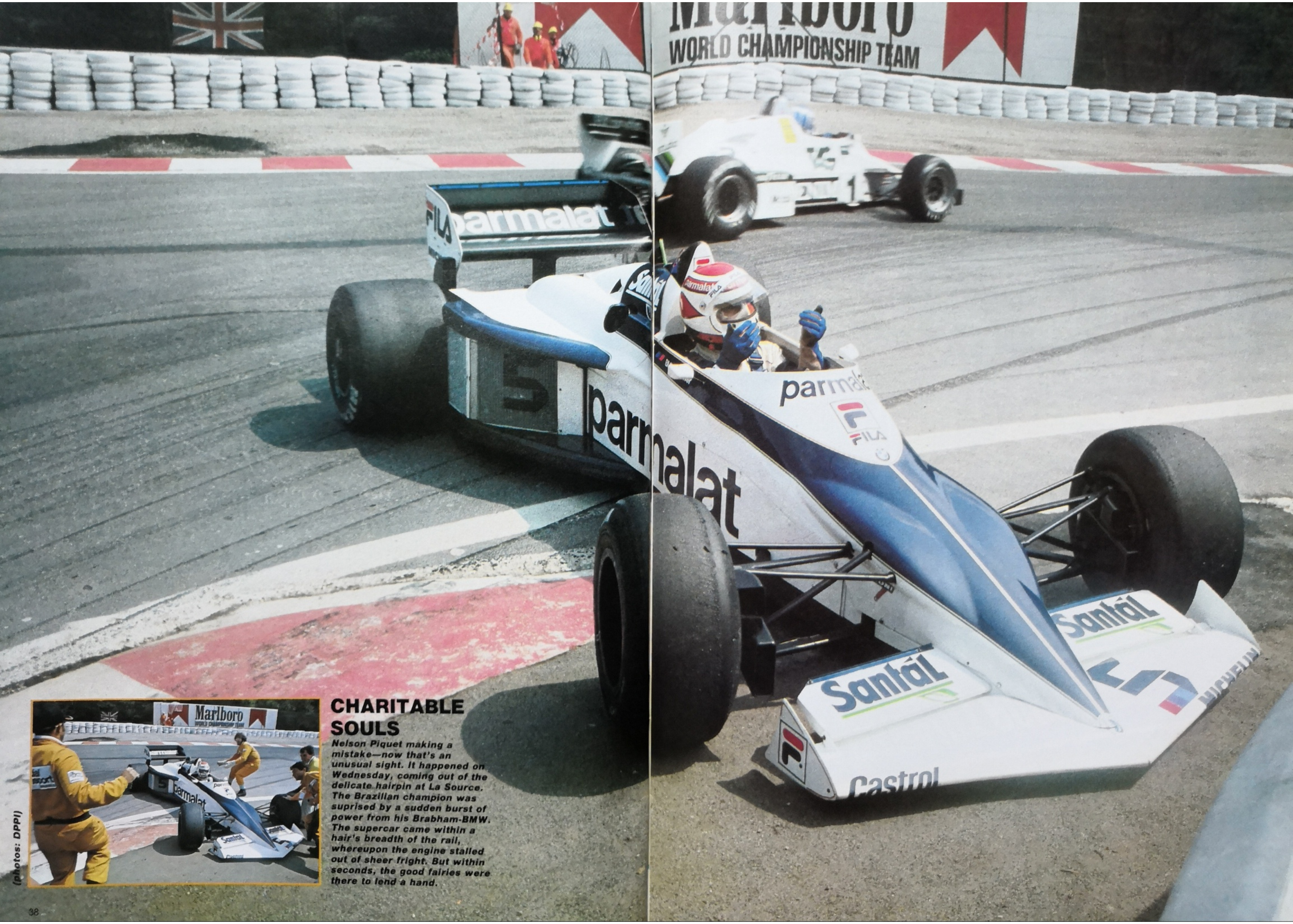
A GREEN HELL

Putting down the evil spirits at Spa-Francorchamps is even harder when it rains. The forest of the Ardennes takes on the characteristics of a green hell, while the track itself looks like a mirror. Andrea de Cesaris once more battled boldly against the elements. The second day of practice was ruined, but the sight of the man walking the tightrope was unforgettable.
(photo: DPPI)

SYLVAN MAGIC

No concrete walls and apartment blocks at Spa-Francorchamps, which prefers verdant, wide open spaces as a backdrop. Like druids clambering through the woods and making ritual chants, the F1 cars, riveted to the track, speed past the trees that line the circuit like soldiers on parade. When the battle against the clock gets underway, there's no room for error and the spectacle becomes a living epic.
(photos : DPPI)

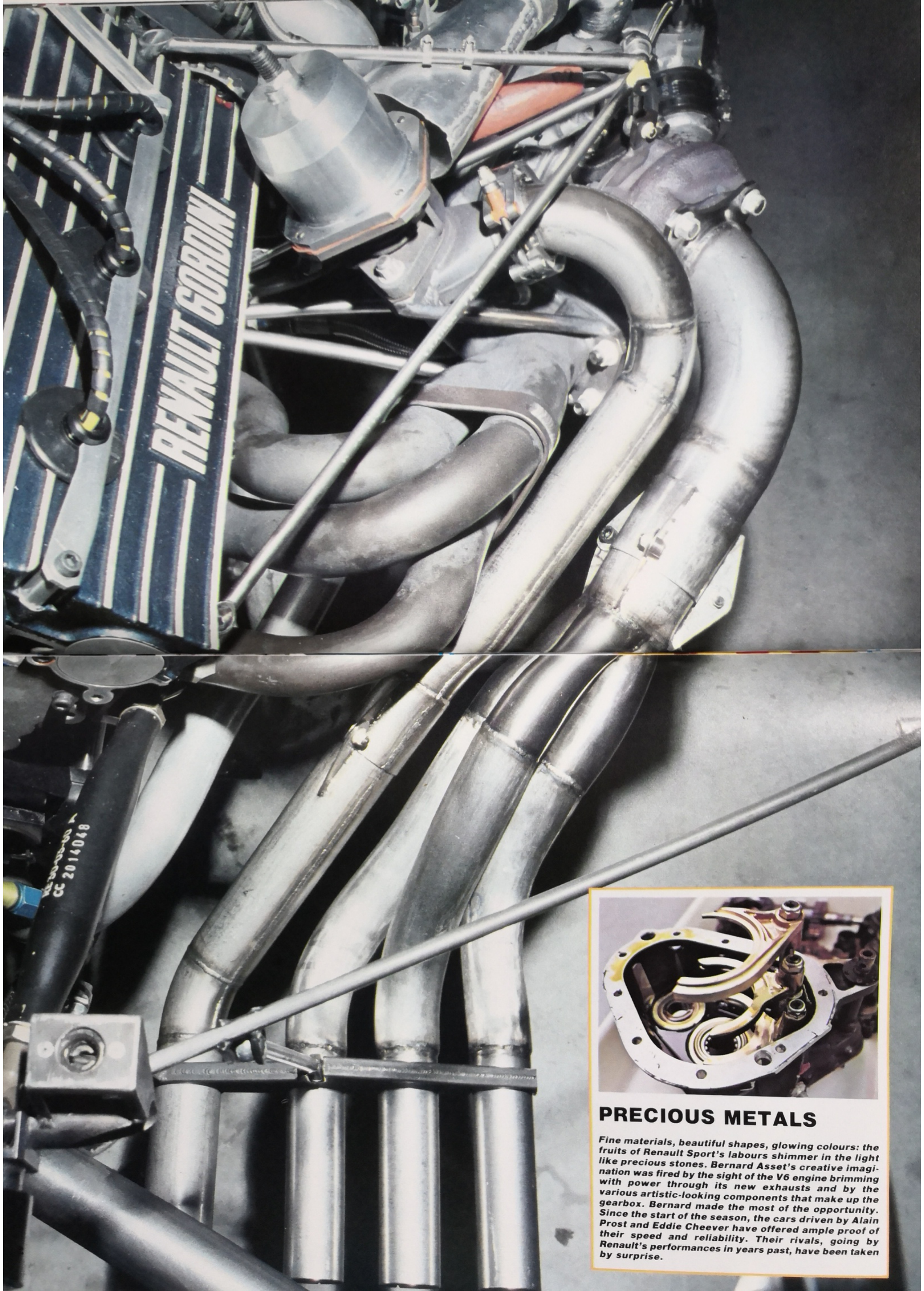
300
200
100
12


Marlboro
WORLD CHAMPIONSHIP TEAM
parmalat
FILA
5
Santal
Castrol
1

CHARITABLE SOULS

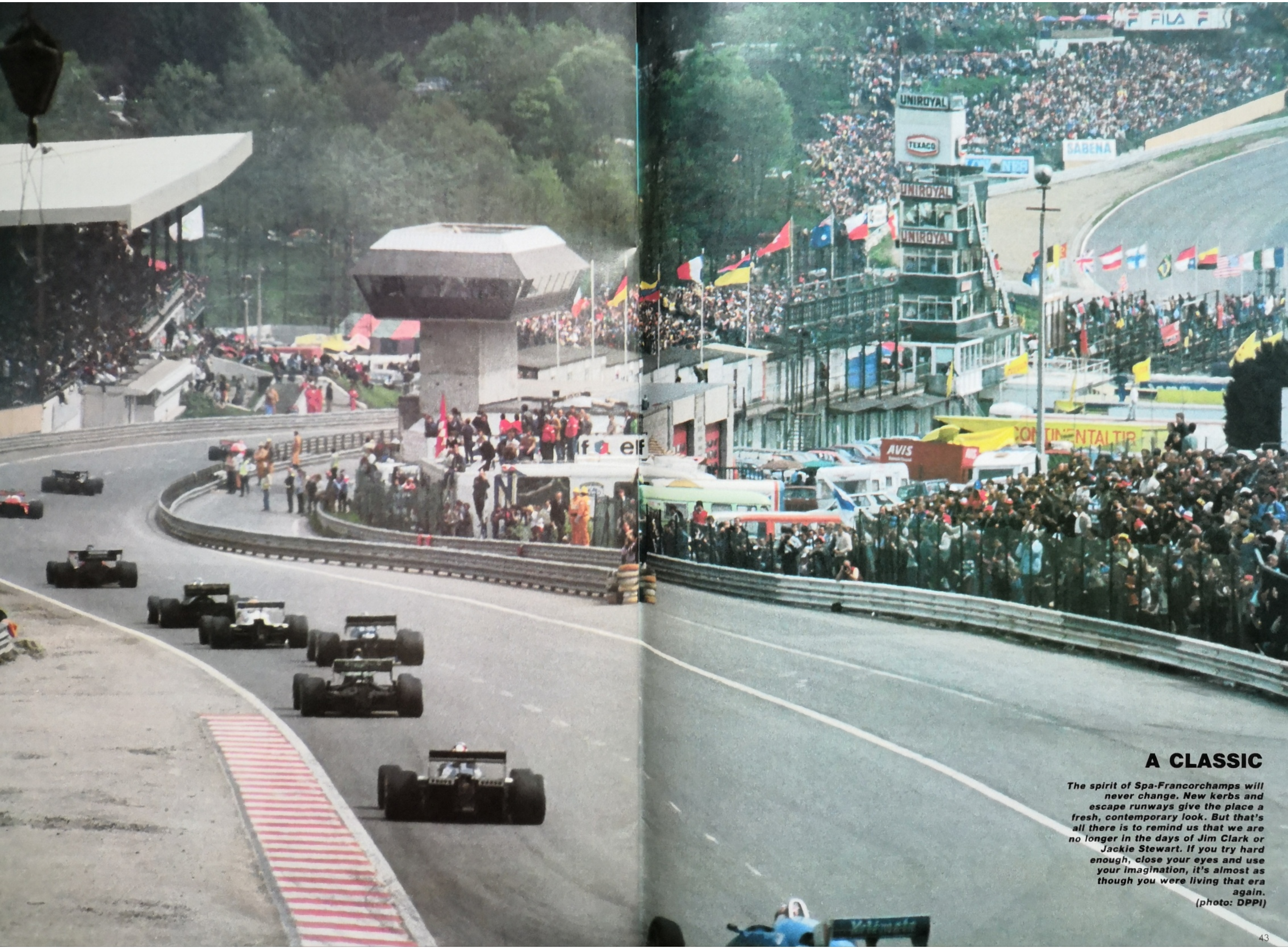
Nelson Piquet making a mistake—now that's an unusual sight. It happened on Wednesday, coming out of the delicate hairpin at La Source. The Brazilian champion was suprised by a sudden burst of power from his Brabham-BMW. The supercar came within a hair's breadth of the rail, whereupon the engine stalled out of sheer fright. But within seconds, the good fairies were there to lend a hand.

(photos: DPPI)



PRECIOUS METALS

Fine materials, beautiful shapes, glowing colours: the fruits of Renault Sport's labours shimmer in the light like precious stones. Bernard Asset's creative imagination was fired by the sight of the V6 engine brimming with power through its new exhausts and by the various artistic-looking components that make up the gearbox. Bernard made the most of the opportunity. Since the start of the season, the cars driven by Alain Prost and Eddie Cheever have offered ample proof of their speed and reliability. Their rivals, going by Renault's performances in years past, have been taken by surprise.


FILA
UNIROYAL
TEXACO
SABENA
UNIROYAL
UNIROYAL
elf
AVIS
CONTINENTAL TIR

A CLASSIC

The spirit of Spa-Francorchamps will never change. New kerbs and escape runways give the place a fresh, contemporary look. But that's all there is to remind us that we are no longer in the days of Jim Clark or Jackie Stewart. If you try hard enough, close your eyes and use your imagination, it's almost as though you were living that era again.
(photo: DPPI)

TOYS FOR WANTON GODS

The Spa toboggan run was, like a mountain range, covered in cloud during Saturday practice; the grey skies opened, and torrential rain forced the drivers into acts of brave folly in their attemps to defy the elements. In this Wagnerian setting, the cars, no more than tiny spots of colour fading into the distance, looked like toys for wanton gods.
(photos: DPPI and First Line)

BRIEF DEBUT

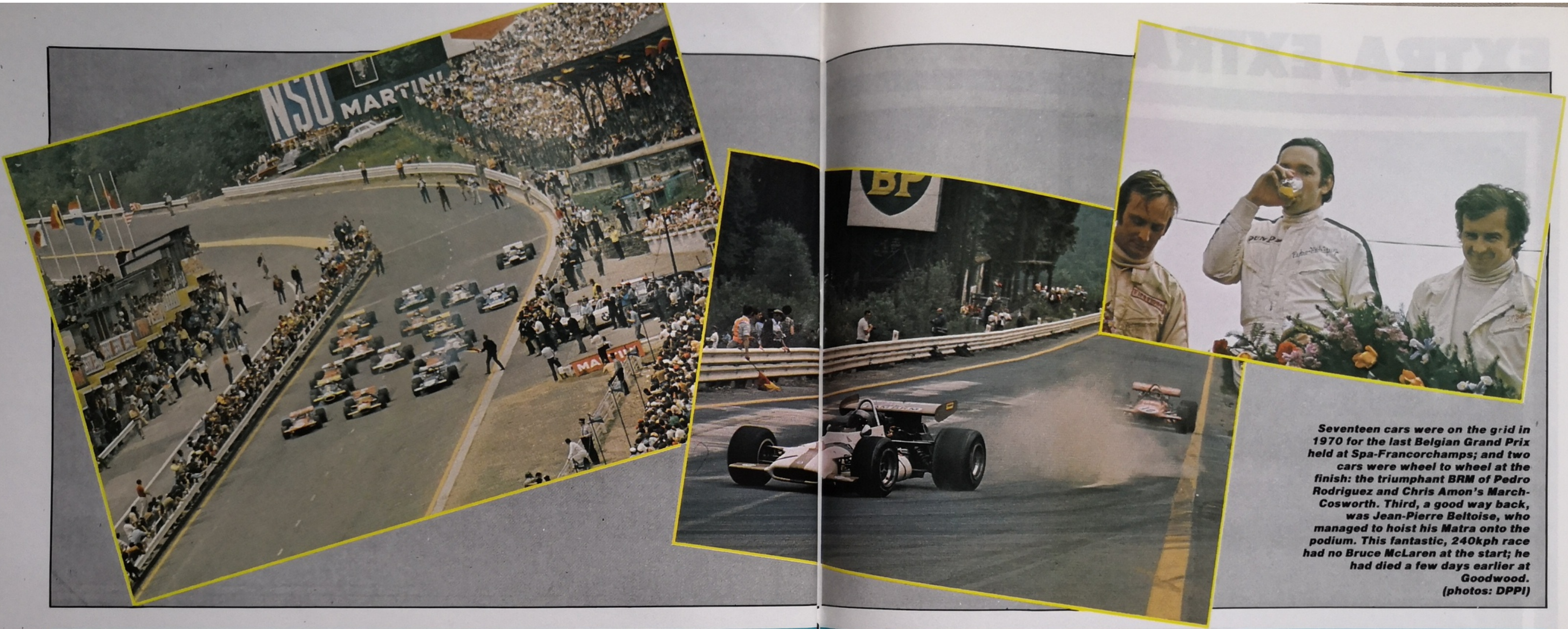
His Arrows 6 was covered in stickers - ample evidence, if any were needed, of the frenzied search for sponsors which had enabled Thierry Boutsen to compete in his first grand prix. He put in an excellent performance on the dry on Friday and showed considerable skill during the downpours which marred Saturday's session: ("If I have to go off, I know where to do it," he joked.) Even so, he only managed to complete five laps before his rear suspension went askew... It was a brief F1 debut for Boutsen, but one that did nothing to undermine the confidence that Jackie Oliver and Alan Rees both have in the young Belgian.
(photos: DPPI and First Line)

RIZLA+
GOODYEAR
LE VIF sport MAGAZINE
DINERS CLUB
VALVOLINE
30
Bull
carpets
louis de poortere
SNIA
SNIAFIBRE

WILL O'THE WISP

Aeronautics wants it that aeroplanes should rise; Formula One seeks to keep cars pressed down to the earth. The contrast is obvious; but both have much in common. One of the main points where they meet is in their fear of a sudden fuel leak and of the ensuing fire. The result is a strange, moon-like world dominated by asbestos which attracts photographers as moths to the candle.

LECONTE
SECURIT



Seventeen cars were on the grid in 1970 for the last Belgian Grand Prix held at Spa-Francorchamps; and two cars were wheel to wheel at the finish: the triumphant BRM of Pedro Rodriguez and Chris Amon's March-Cosworth. Third, a good way back, was Jean-Pierre Beltoise, who managed to hoist his Matra onto the podium. This fantastic, 240kph race had no Bruce McLaren at the start; he had died a few days earlier at Goodwood. (photos: DPPI)

RENDEZ-VOUS WITH HISTORY

Impotent and angry, Bruce McLaren gripped his steering wheel and beat his head against the little plastic windscreen of his car. Result? A minor injury and a victory lost, just three metres from the finish line, to a happy Jim Clark in his Lotus. It was the Scot's third consecutive victory in the Belgian Grand Prix and made last year's Monaco look like a simple little stroll.

The date is 1964 and, once upon a time, the weather at Francorchamps used to be beautiful. The circuit was simplicity itself and Dan Gurney in his Brabham looked utterly unbeatable. However, coming up to the final lap, instead of streaking past the pits like a greased arrow, he came to a halt by his mechanics, shouting and gesticulating, his engine sputtering. Out of fuel, he had just lost the race. His closest rivals took immediate advantage of the gift: Graham Hill now led the race with Bruce McLaren hard on his heels and, behind them some little ways, Jim Clark. The Hill-McLaren duel didn't last long and the loudspeakers soon announce that Graham Hill has stopped by Malmédy; he too is out of fuel. McLaren is then a minute up on Clark and the race looked his for the taking. The New Zealander was just coming out of Club House corner when suddenly his car slowed down.

Another victim of fuel failure! Rolling down the hill and using his momentum as he could, but with his engine stopped, McLaren was approaching the finish line when Clark stole the victory from right under his nose, a nothing away from the chequered flag. Clark was far from sure he'd won and he, too, stopped on his lap of honour. You've guessed it: he too had run out of fuel. There is no such thing as a sure win in sport: that was the lesson to be learned from a Belgian Grand Prix that made history.

1966 also made history, but in far less pleasant a fashion, the race being marred by a series of accidents, whose influence on the evolution of auto sport was to be great. That year, John Frankenheimer was filming *Grand Prix*, which remains one of the best films ever made about auto sport, and he had the organisers' permission to start with a F5000 car equipped with a movie camera. His car was thus able to record the whole sequence of accidents at the bottom of the downhill at Malmédy: for the drivers unhappily discovered that the bottom of that part of the circuit was awash after a heavy shower. Jackie Stewart spent ten minutes trapped underneath his car and soaked in the petrol that flowed freely from a burst fuel tank; he was at the mercy of the slightest spark.

Freed from his car largely thanks to the brave efforts of Graham Hill, Stewart was transported to the infirmary, just behind the control tower. I was there waiting for him. As he came into the infirmary, Jackie was shouting, *"Wash me, wash me,"* in that high, squeaky voice of his. The nurses couldn't understand a word he said, so I asked them for buckets of water and helped Jackie to strip right down as they looked on in amazement. When he was completely naked, I poured the water over him, aiming at his genitals; inflamed by the petrol, they were causing him terrible pain. Those who have ever spilled eau de cologne on their private parts know whereof I speak.

From that day on, Jackie took to loathing the Francorchamps circuit. At the time, he headed the drivers' association, the GPDA, which could make or break any circuit in the world. In the laudable cause of safety, the GPDA began a campaign to modify or, if necessary, to ban those circuits which it considered dangerous.

The campaign was in some regards excessive; the result was that the circuits became ever more uniform and deprived the top drivers of their freedom to express their skills to the full. Later, drivers were still further restricted by another, even more influential corporate body, FOCA, the mouthpiece of the constructors. And FOCA, as we all know, has been somewhat less concerned with safety than with the showbiz side of Formula One. But that's another story.

So there we were, back at Francorchamps: a new and superb circuit, even more selective than the old one, a track that demands the maximum guts, precision and skill from drivers. The drivers were unanimous in saying that Francorchamps put driving back in the hands of the drivers. That's no doubt the main lesson of last weekend, and one can hope that the return to competition of this circuit marks the beginning of a new era in the sport. In any event, the Jackie Stewart era is now over.

A few further notes: It was at Francorchamps that F1's evolution towards aerodynamic research began. On a Friday in 1968, Amon's Ferrari appeared with a little wing over the engine. The next morning, Jack Brabham had already copied the idea: his car appeared with a wing in the identical place! Then came a period of outlandishly large rear (and front) wings; they were too high and poorly attached right to the suspensions. They were banned for the Monaco Grand Prix before a new set of regulations restricted their use from Zandvoort onwards.

The Italian ATS made its debut in 1963 with Phill Hill and Baghetti driving. Carlo Chiti designed the cars. The current president of Autodelta had given them V8 engines which were later adapted for the 8 cylinder Alfa Romeo.

It was at Francorchamps that Mike Parkes' career came to an unhappy end as he went off the track after skidding on a patch of oil left by Jackie Stewart's BRM.

Also at Francorchamps, Tony Rudd's famous BRM 16-cylinder-in-H engine made its debut. The BRM later was used on Clark's Lotus and even won a grand prix. Rudd is now the Lotus technical director.

Finally, it was at Francorchamps that the record average speed was set by Pedro Rodriguez, winner in 1970 in a BRM: 241.303 kph. That year Chris Amon in a March set the highest ever lap average with a staggering 244.744 kph.

Franco Lini

3
O12 benetton
SISLEY
COURTAULDS
GOODYEAR
benetton

A SLIP FROM THE TOP

Less than a year ago, Michele Alboreto was the cynosure of Formula One: the young Tyrrell driver was the man everyone wanted to drive for them; from Maranello came the sort of gnomic utterances in which the Commendatore specialises implying that Michele was the man of the future as far as Ferrari was concerned; and at Las Vegas he drove triumphantly to win his first ever grand prix, something very few drivers achieve in their first season.

This year, results have been more meagre. In fact, they have been zero, and teammate Danny Sullivan, brand-new to the sport, has been the only Tyrrell man to score points. So who was responsible? Was it the car, or had Michele changed in some intangible manner? Was he too anxious, too nervous, too determined, and thus error-prone?

It was the afternoom of final practice at a wet and filthy Spa. Michele was, as usual, smiling, in control, calm. The first thing he wanted to say was that in the rain he'd be fine: at least there'd be a chance.

"Our main problem over this weekend was that we were trying out a brand-new super DFY engine. It took half of the untimed practice on Friday to get the new engine settled in. So we had only very little time to get out on the track. But the results were promising: the new engine is very good indeed, particularly in the lower range where we've had trouble before; it has much more pick-up. Then of course we had to set up the car and we didn't get that right immediately, or the tyres; as a result, I had only one good lap on the qualifiers."

Hence his very modest fifteenth position on the grid: *"I don't like being in one of the middle positions on the grid: that's the hardest and most dangerous place to be. Especially on what looks likely to be a wet race."*

Then we went back over the season together: what had gone wrong? *"The regulations changed and we were left a little stranded. Let's say that we tried to develop our car by following our noses. Not only were the turbos all powerful, but we were beginning to lag behind the Williams, which I consider by far the best of the aspirated cars. Shall we say that we were a little stuck with old ideas that derived from the downforce and ground-effect period? Frankly, we were optimistic at the beginning of the season: with good Cosworths, we expected to be in the reckoming. It didn't turn out that way. We didn't alter our basic geometry enough, but the car has been improving. For one thing, it is much lighter; we are now down to the limit. But I admit it's a little bit like chasing your own tail: you never really catch up.*

"We did a lot of testing, at le Castellet and Rio, and when we came to Rio, the car was really pretty good; we weren't that far off the Williams. And since then, the car has changed a good bit: its shocks, torsion bar, wheelbase, things like that. We were something like tenth on the grid in Brazil and then Baldi missed his braking: he was out on full tanks and he misjudged his braking point. He was outside Lauda, he wanted to get by and the result was that I went out. He admitted it afterwards. I don't necessarily call it bad luck: when I start, I look ahead, not behind. It was just one of those things that can happen. To me, such things have happened too often this season."

Then came Long Beach, a twisty circuit where the Tyrrell team, well-placed on the grid, really thought they were in with a chance. *"So did I,"* says Michel. *"The car was working very well and I made a very good start. But it didn't last long, did it? I was a few laps into the race and just behind the front runners coming into a big curve when Jarier hit me and I went into the armco. I was able to get back to the pits, but I'd lost two laps and finished eighth."*

Michele's fault? Was he pressing his luck? *"No, I think there are two kinds of drivers in the sport: those you have to watch and those you don't. Some people I am alongside and I yield to them if they get their nose ahead of me; others will try it on when there's no reason to do so. My fault? Well, I suppose I could have seen him coming and predicted what he would do; I just don't think you can drive that way. I drive flat out all the time. On the other hand, I don't believe in ill-luck, either. You take what comes. Jarier was coming so fast, when he braked, he locked his wheels. I tried to move aside, but no way. Afterwards, there were a few diplomatic explanations between us. But there are things like that I don't like in F1: because they're dangerous."*

Then came Ricard. *"We were fairly well placed, we ran a fairly good race. We just weren't fast enough. The race belonged to the turbos. Again, we thought we had a chance at Imola, but that was when we began to realize that a real gap had built up between the Williams and ourselves. Unluckily, again, we didn't have a chance to prove very much: I had a brush with Surer that ruined my rear suspensions. But Surer is the right kind of driver; you won't find him mixed up in that often.*

"But perhaps more disappointing was realizing that Williams had managed to find a better balance for their car that we had. Because that's been the problem all year. As for the brush with Surer, I go home from the track with things like that in my pocket; I don't worry about them; those are just the breaks and they can happen to anyone."

But really, truly, honest! wasn't there some difference between the nicely-balanced Alboreto of last year and today's driver? Just a little accident-prone? *"Not by my lights,"* answers Michele firmly. *"I know that it takes a little more effort on my part this year: effort, I mean, to keep to my own ways, to drive the way I want. To that extent, that it now takes effort, yes, I have changed a little.*

"At Monaco, again a place where we had some chances, yes, I did notice that I was going a little over the top, I was trying a little bit too hard. It's just that I felt the car was good, that I could really do something; and I wanted to. It was only when I came back into the pits that I thought on how I'd been driving and saw I'd been trying just that little bit too hard.

"Ken said it to me, too. He said: *"Listen, if you feel the car's not good enough to get up to the front of the grid, rather than wrecking cars or hurting yourself, you'll just have to settle for some place lower down the grid. So yes, I'm going to have to learn to calm down a bit. You run into seasons like this. I'm not the first or the last driver to suffer from a little fall after riding high."*

Keith Botsford

EXTRA, EXTRA

INSIDE TOLEMAN

It was what you would call a mixed weekend in the Toleman camp. They began without truly high hopes, ran into the eternal problems that have troubled them all season, yet still finished seventh and eighth for a result that will not displease the team. Not when you take into account what they lived through at Spa.

First, they had tested at Spa a few weeks before. Results: inconclusive. Why? Because Derek Warwick broke an engine, a fresh engine, after four laps; and because Bruno Giacomelli, who had run the day before, was testing on an engine that already had some 400km on it: *"Not the freshest engine in the world"*, said Bruno. Thus, home to Witney.

The team therefore arrived at Spa without much real preparation. That didn't mean the team wasn't looking forward to it. The drivers certainly were. On Saturday night of Spa, when it was pouring with rain, Warwick was still putting in laps on the circuit in the team's rental car, and Chris Witty, who was Derek's passenger, asked him what the track would be like in heavy rain. Said Derek, looking at the river flowing past Eau Rouge: *"Surprisingly, this place drains very well: God knows they get enough practice at it."* It was a sign of the mood of the team: the problems were there; it was up to them to cope with those problems. And not whine.

Friday morning hardly started auspiciously. Bruno broke an engine after four laps and had to go out in the spare; that car promptly lost its clutch after another two. Derek, meanwhile, was going quite well early on, but then his engine developed a water leak half way through the session which caused the team major problems. As they said at the time: *"Two engines gone and we haven't even started official practice."*

By Friday afternoon, with the skies clear, the team had just managed to get another engine in for Giacomelli. But it was a single-plug car as against the double-plug engine developed for the race. As Alex Hawkridge said: *"When it came to official qualifying, we hadn't evaluated our tyres or anything. We were really shooting in the dark."* Bruno's face was clouding over and Warwick wasn't exactly happy with the half-dozen laps he was able to put in. *"It wasn't the ideal way to commit ourselves to our special qualifiers,"* said Derek. *"Not when you consider that at Spa our specials are good for just one lap: as against two or more for Michelin and Goodyear."*

Bruno was out late because of his engine change and ran two sets of tyres without spectacular results. As one team-member put it: *"Bruno is not used to going out on an out-and-out qually. At Alfa, he was used to Michelins, where the difference between qualifiers and race tyres is not so extreme. Bruno is not used to the instant commitment. Derek, on the other hand, has had a few years getting his act together just to put himself on the back of the grid; he knows what has to be done. He knows the now-or-never aspect of qualifying; he takes more risks and the Michelins used to give Bruno more time to get into a groove. Our tyre is really marginal over a 6km course like Spa: if you make any kind of mistake, you're screwed."*

The Pirellis the team used were in fact extremely soft, and the team even discussed setting out cold from the pits, driving past the timing light, going through Eau Rouge and then gumming it. *"As it happens,"* Derek explained, *"that tyre lasted just a little over two kilometres before it pitched me sideways with no grip at all. Remember, too, that at Toleman, we were a little apprehensive: our experiences with Pirelli wet tyres had not been altogether reassuring."*

But, as it turned out, Toleman were pleasantly surprised on the filthy wet Saturday. Pirelli had put in a lot of work over the winter, including new compounds, new constructions and new tread patterns. The feeling was that Pirelli was now back in the ball park. Warwick was the quicker of the two, but that was because Bruno was pacing about the pits not doing a lot. The team's idea was that Warwick would run the first half of the session and Bruno the latter half. Then, at the half way mark, Derek came in with his nose box collapsed. Derek could still go out in his race car but the team admitted to being *"a little slow in getting Bruno's race car ready"*. In fact, Bruno, who is somewhat affected by the inner politics of the team, was hopping mad: *"I wait around for an hour and 25 minutes and then I'm supposed to go out for five? It isn't worth it."* Witty intervened diplomatically, saying: *"For an Italian, I have to admit you're a patient man Bruno."* And Bruno, who cannot resist a wisecrack, answered: *"Don't forget I'm half English."*

On final qualifying, Derek was very sharp: third quickest and taking to the conditions like a duck to water. The result didn't mean anything, of course, but Derek was to say afterwards how he finally understood what had happened to Pironi at Hockenheim last year: *"All I could see was a ball of spray, sort of light against the dark. I didn't know where I was. I came up behind the ball and suddenly realised that it was Prost going slowly; it was quite eerie trying to determine where the car was."* Eerie or not, it didn't deter Derek. Met on race day and asked to comment about certain drivers who didn't want to go out in those conditions, Derek said, laughing, *"If it rains, I'm going to win."*

Come Sunday, with the team hoping for rain, lo and behold! the skies were clear. But rain, if you're stuck well in the back of the grid, as the Tolemans were, is about the only hope you have of making up ground. And then came warm-up, and further disasters: Warwick had a turbo-failure. As it was dry, he had elected to race the 02 with its twin plugs and leave the spare on wet settings, just in case. Two laps into warm-up, the turbo went and Derek had to get back to the pits and go out in his spare on wet settings. It was all too reminiscent of Monaco. Bruno, on the other hand, had a good warm-up: *"Pirelli has really made great strides,"* he said. *"The car's good and maybe something good will happen to us at last."* At the time, he was pointing to Lotus, who were having intolerable problems with their Pirellis.

Spa was to be the first race at which the team did a fat, a refuelling-and-tyres number, and they'd been practising it for days. On a standstill, they'd managed a creditable 14.1s. However, both drivers admitted afterwards they made a bad start: Bruno for the fifth time in succession. As a team-member said, *"Bruno must really learn how to get off the line better."* And one remembers of the now sanctified Gilles that in his early days at Ferrari, he had started so badly that they'd sent him to Fiorano and told him: *"Just do starts, break as many drive-shafts as you want."* That sort of practice is what Giacomelli needs; but Toleman is not Ferrari; they can't afford to train their drivers the hard way, nor to make their drive-shafts, as Ferrari did for Gilles, stronger and stronger until they hold.

Both Warwick and Giacomelli got stuck in the early stages of the race behind Guerero and Lauda, which cost them time. Derek's car with its twin plugs was a lot faster up the hill and Bruno said: *"One minute Derek's 200 metres behind me, the next thing I know he's blown past me and taken Guerrero and Lauda."* Bruno got the message and did the same. *"Lauda,"* he said, *"is no problem. He never wants to get involved in 50-50 braking. Guerrero is much tougher to get by."*

Bruno, having got by, then set off after Warwick, and managed to put in the fifth fastest lap of the race ahead of Tambay and Warwick, who made seventh.

Then came the scheduled pit-stop. Bruno was in first on lap 21, but his fuel inlet valve wouldn't turn the full 90 degrees, so the team pulled off his hose and put on Derek's. By the time Bruno got away, that was 32s lost. He had less fuel than he ought to have had, because Warwick is only scheduled to run 16 laps after his scheduled stop on lap 24. So Warwick comes in three laps later and he has to have Bruno's fuel, and again the valve sticks. So after losing 37s, Derek is sent out while the team fixes the valve; that only took six seconds, but effectively put Derek even further back.

Bruno had no further problems except for a misfire which he sometimes thought would lead to the engine failing altogether. *"During the closing laps,"* Bruno said afterwards, *"I was closing on Laffite at about 3s a lap. Going into the last lap I was sure I couldn't catch him, but then two corners later, I suddenly saw a white car in my sights, so I had to give it everything."* Everything he gave it, but: *"exiting from the chicane I got on the marbles and nudged the barrier, but managed to keep going."* He still lost time, and a place, to Warwick.

A mixed weekend. But Toleman have seen worse.

Keith Botsford

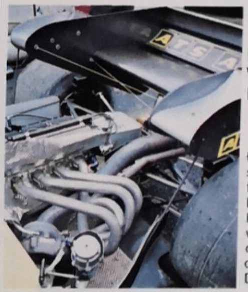
Cockpits

22
NORDICA
Marlboro
Marlboro

ALFA-ROMEO-EURORACING

183T/02 : Andrea de Cesaris (I)
183T/04 : Mauro Baldi (I)
183T/01 : Spare

The new turbines used in the turbo-compressors at Monaco have brought an end to Alfa's engine problems; the team can now boost the turbo during qualifying. On Friday, de Cesaris opted for 2.2 bars at 11,500rpm, roughly the equivalent of 2.8 bars at 7,500rpm. A short engine-cover, which left the engine open, was tried out on the 183T/02 on Friday morning, but its aerodynamics were not suitable.



ATS-BMW

D6/02 : Manfred Winkelhock (D)
D6/01 : Spare

No modifications. The new chassis which was originally sheduled for Monaco will make its debut at Detroit; it will have shorter pods. First tests for this configuration will be made on the developmlent car, the D6/01, which is a heavier car, and then transferred to the D6/02.

ARROWS-COSWORTH

A6/2 : Marc Surer (CH)
A6/3 Thierry Boutsen (B)
A6/1 : Spare

The A6/2 and A6/3 have F2-type rear brakes with single calipers; the spare car continues with the traditional double-calipered brakes.

GOOD YEAR
30
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BRABHAM-BMW

BT52/3 : Nelson Piquet (BR)
BT52/4 : Riccardo Patrese (I)
BT52/2 : Spare

BMW has gone back to the customary short intake tubes; Brabham has consequently reverted to its former complete engine-cover. For Friday's practice, the cars were equipped with carbon-fiber disc brakes.

5
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Santal
Castrol

FERRARI

126C2/065 : Patrick Tambay (F)
126C2/062 : René Arnoux (F)
126C2/063 : Spare

The 126C2/064 which Arnoux damaged during the race in Monaco went back to Modena and

Ferrari had only three cars at Spa. Their rear wings were smaller than at Monaco, while the electronic and injection boxes have been moded; the former is now in the right-hand side-pod, while the latter is similarly placed on the left. The mysterious handle of which we spoke in our last issue is now known to be used to cause a momentary interruption in the engine's water-injection system.

LOTUS-RENAULT & COSWORTH

93T/1 : Elio de Angelis (I)
92/10 : Nigel Mansell (GB)
93T/2 : De Angelis Spare
92/05 : Mansell Spare

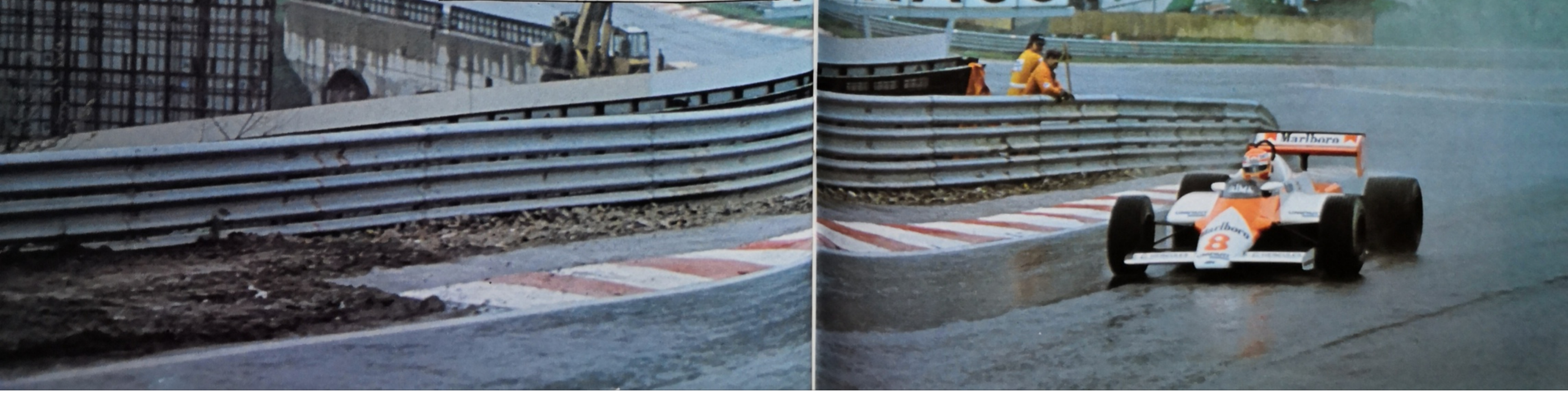
Both front and rear, the 93T/1 and the 92/10 have single-caliper brakes. Throughout practice, de Angelis used the double rear wing with large side-panels, first seen at the Race of Champions and subsequently used in Monaco.

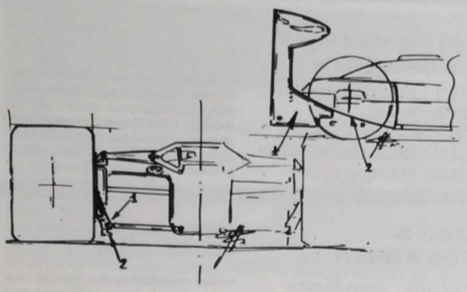
LIGIER-COSWORTH

JS21/04 : Jean-Pierre Jarier (F)
JS21/03 : Raul Boesel (BR)
JS21/02 : Spare

Ligier reverted to the simple rear wing already seen at Ricard and Imola. On Saturday morning, Jarier drove with a Cosworth DFY.

GITANES
CAFÉ DO BRASIL





MCLAREN-COSWORTH

MP4-1C/08 : John Watson (GB)
MP4-1C/05 : Niki Lauda (A)
MP4-1C/05 : Spare

The MP4-10/05 had a revised rear suspension, the uprights have been shortened and the pick-up points of the lower wishbone have been raised. Lauda several times used this car on Friday to try out a new rear wing whose side-panels came well down and joined the rear of the underwings.

Rear Suspension

The mounting of the lower wishbones, formerly located at (2) is now raised to (1) thanks to a shortened upright. This alters the chassis set-up and is expected to make better use of the tyres.

Rear Wing
On Friday, Lauda tested a rear wing with side-panels (1) that extended far down and joined the outside rear end of the underwings, which remain unchanged (2).

OSELLA-COSWORTH & ALFA-ROMEO

FA1D/01 : Corrado Fabi (I)
FA1E/01 : Piercarlo Ghinzani (I)
FA1D/02 : Spare

The FA1D went back to the long underwings; their carbon-fiber ends weigh 1.7kg more than the shorter versions used at Monaco. The carbon fiber disc brakes, already out of favour in Monaco, were once again replaced by very narrow classical Brembo discs.

RAM MARCH-COSWORTH

RAM01/3 : Eliseo Salazar (RCH)
RAM01/2 : Spare

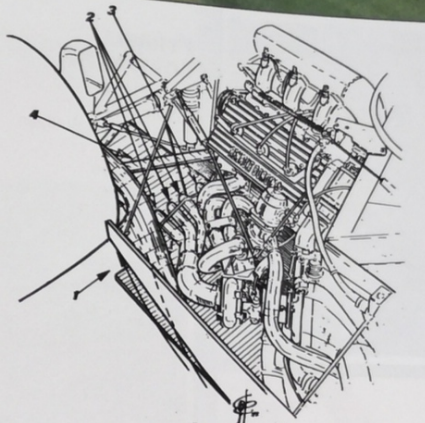
On Friday, Salazar tried out a different rear suspension, which provided a narrower track, but the results were unsatisfactory. A whole new aerodynamic configuration will debut at Detroit.

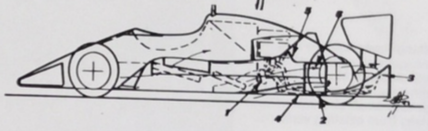
RENAULT

RE40/03 : Alain Prost (F)
RE40/02 : Eddie Cheever (USA)
RE40/01 : Spare

All three cars were in their Monaco configurations, of which the details were given in the last issue and are amply illustrated in the accompanying drawings.

Side View
(1) the turbo-compressor; (2) the horizontal end of the new exhaust system as it goes through the underwings, whose rear (3) has been substantially lengthened and ends perpendicular to the trailing edge of the wing. As it emerges from the exhausts, the hot air, thanks to the excess kinetic energy generated, speeds up the flow of air beneath the car and recovers some of the ground effect. (4) shows the air intake for cooling the brakes and (5) where the exhaust-system formerly emerged. (6) shows the area through which the hot air emerging from the side-pod radiators and the inter-coolers escapes.





Rear End
(1) shows the side air-intake designed to cool the rear brakes; the air flows through a channel which goes inside the wheels. (2) shows how the three exhaust pipes of each bank of cylinders in the V6 engine pass through the underbody, while (3) shows the turbo-compressor waste-gate exhaust. In (4), the lower wishbone, placed within the underwings, means that the lower part offers no obstacle whatever to the free flow of air.

RENAULT GORDINI

THEODORE-COSWORTH

183/16 : Roberto Guerrero (COL)
183/18 : Johnny Cecotto (VEN)
183/17 : Spare (not available)

The 182/17 damaged by Guererro at Imola was supposed to have been repaired for Spa, but the task proved impossible and it was present only as an unavailable spare, destined to provide spare parts. The need arose on Friday morning when Cecotto demaged his 183/18 at Eau Rouge; the crushable front end was replaced, as were several parts of the rear end. A new rear wing had been built, but there was not enough time to try it out.

Candy
MAGI
35

Cockpits

TOLEMAN-HART

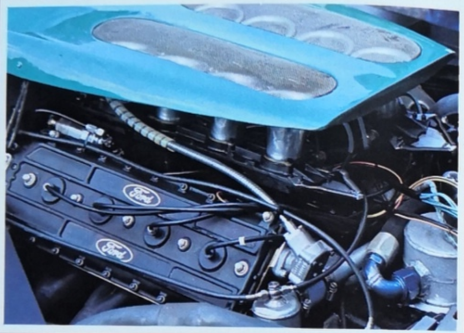
TG183B/02 : Derek Warwick (GB)
TG183B/03 : Bruno Giacomelli (I)
TG183B/01 : Spare

For the second time, Warwick used an engine with double ignition. The British team laboured under considerable difficulties Friday morning: Warwick's turbo went, Giacomelli lost an engine after a water-radiator failure and the spare, driven by the latter, had a broken transmission. A fourth chassis is being built and should be ready after Montreal.

TYRRELL-COSWORTH

011/4 : Michele Alboreto (I)
011/5 : Danny Sullivan (USA)
011/6 : Spare

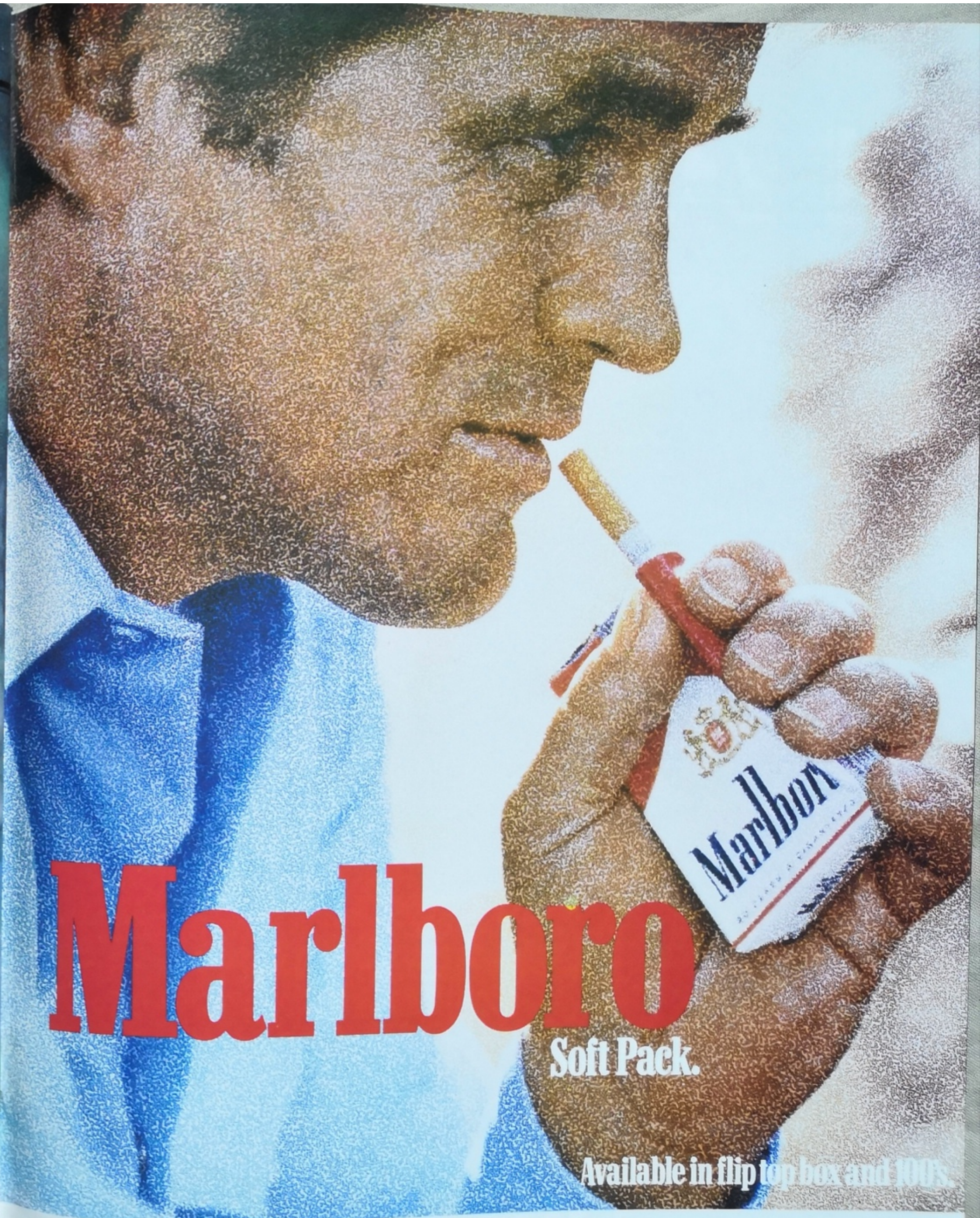
Alboreto had a new special Cosworth DFY available for practice; it is one of two so-far built and both have been bought by Ken Tyrrell. The new engine weighs 6.4kg less, and the placing of its injectors forced Tyrrell to move the ignition-box; the oil reservoir has been moved alongside the right rear wheel. (See Paddocks)



WILLIAMS-COSWORTH

FW08C/09 : Keke Rosberg (FIN)
FW08C/08 : Jacques Laffite (F)
FW08C/07 : Spare

Nothing fundamentally new. Williams again mounted single caliper rear brakes as at Monaco and used alternately engine covers with large and small air intakes; both derived from existing versions.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